CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

FROM PETER JANSEN

TO THE EDITOR:—While I know no more about Mr. Hough's book, "The Sowing," than I have read in the notices and the part already printed, the position he takes and the conclusions he draws are clearly enough shown in these to raise a question whether the dangers he sees are real, and in fact whether events are not so shaping themselves that the danger to which Canada has been subjected by the English colonization idea is not already practically averted. The subject is one that interests me as, indeed, it must interest everyone who has interests in Canada, but my own experience and observation on the ground lead me to an understanding and conclusion different from Mr. Hough's, and not so gloomy.

A little over four years ago I negotiated with the Saskatchewan Valley and Manitoba Land Co. a purchase of Canadian Northern Railway lands about seventy-five miles from Rosthern, Saskatchewan, and took up there about three hundred of my countrymen, most of them the sons and daughters of a colony my father brought over from Southern Russia in the early seventies. I am a Mennonite, as were the colonists who came with me from Russia to Nebraska over thirty years ago. While we came from Russia, we are really a German people, having gone to Russia in the time of Catharine the Second. We are farmers by tradition and inheritance, and German farmers at that. But the colony I took to Saskatchewan was largely made up of men and women born in Nebraska and Kansas, and educated in English, and as much American in every outward thing as any others native here. They are of German descent, but American farmers one and all, and every family is comfortably provided with this world's goods. We went to Saskatchewan because there we could get large farms in a good country at a low price, the same as were found in Nebraska in 1874.

In looking for a place to locate my people, I travelled many thousand miles, especially in Canada, and I saw what was going on. After we had located ourselves, others began to come in around and among us, and some touches of what Mr. Hough seems to think is a threat to the country were not long in making their appearance. But I must say that in the five years since I first went up there, a great change for the better has taken place, and that Canada in my belief is going to show herself entirely able to take care of the English immigrants such as are now coming in, and to get benefit *from* them as well as confer benefit *on* them.

The reason I believe this is that we have a considerable number of city-bred English all around us at our col-

ony, and that while most of them were discouraging to look at when they first came, and completely ignorant of everything about farming, they soon took hold and began to learn. They were honestly ambitious to make good in their new surroundings, and they were willing to work. I must say it seemed almost cruel that people so utterly inexperienced about farming should have been sent so many thousands of miles to a strange life, with the chances all against them, and only themselves to rely upon, so far as they could see, or as those who sent them could know. But there they were, and what was to be done?

Our people took an interest in these strange new neighbors, and as fast as they got acquainted, the new neighbors began to ask questions and advice. I do not think there are any better farmers anywhere than our people, and I know there are none more helpful. By precept and example, as you might say, they have helped these English city-folk to become farmers, and it is a genuine pleasure to me to be able to say they are becoming good farmers, good neighbors and good citizens.

Five years ago this class of immigrants was not so good. Many were pitiably weak, ignorant, poor and—lazy. I am sorry to use that word, but it is true. They did not want to work. Where they were herded in Canada and put together in neighborhoods by themselves, the result was disheartening. They did not stick together, they had none to teach them, they longed for the old life, and a great proportion of them drifted back to the slums of the cities and ports of Canada East. It looked as though English charity were unloading upon Canada, with perhaps the best of intentions, the dead ones of England. If that had been kept up, nobody can tell what the result might have been, but it has not been kept up. I know of neighborhoods and colonies other than the one I am interested in, where the same thing has happened that happened in our case. A good quality in the immigrant and a good neighborhood well farmed are all that is needed to produce good results. It is no use herding useless immigrants together, because then you simply produce a human sink, and it will drain away, leaving a bad smell. The change has been coming through taking better care in the selection of immigrants first, then in looking them over carefully and making sure they are all right before they are allowed to land, and finally in seeing that they get in among neighbors who know how to farm. If these things are followed out, the future will take care of all the rest.

It is just as well to remember, too, that all the poor specimens do not come from England. Canada has been trying to absorb some very hard and hopeless material from Eastern Europe. It is not narrow-spirited to say that while the country is broad, it is not broad enough to be cumbered by human beings who were mere incumbrances of their native soil, and who would be worse off here than there. A spirit of true Christian sympathy and human love would welcome to the Canadian plains the downtrodden, the oppressed, the poor of the world, if by bringing them here any good can be done them. But amongst the poor of the world there are many who are poor because they are the drainings of the race, the pus of great centres of corrupted life, and these we could not help. It is in checking the selection of such as these by the emigration authorities and charities of Europe that we can do good to those who do come. For those who want to work, and who have any strength to work, there is plenty of room in Canada, and plenty of helpful neighbors will lend them cheerful hands when they come.

As showing the way the wind shifts, I copy an Associated Press dispatch which tells its own story:

> St. Petersburg, August 8th.—The Foreign Office has received from the Canadian Government a warning against the emigration of unskilled laborers to Canada. There are openings in Canada for woman servants and experienced farm-hands financially able to purchase and lease land, but there is no work to be had on the railroads.

That shows something is being done in one right direction at least, which I trust will comfort Mr. Hough.

PETER JANSEN.

Jansen, Nebraska, September 8th, 1908.

THE POWER OF ASSIMILATION

To The Editor:—The announcement in your July issue relative to the publication of Emerson Hough's new book, "The Sowing," proves foresight for Canada-West, but lack of insight on the part of the author.

If you and your contributor have read the signs of the times aright, you must realize that the power of assimilation and not the fear of it makes nations.

Canada must develop the educational, social and commercial ability to remake human material if she is ever to deserve, let alone compel, the success of the Roman, Carthaginian or old English Empires.

I agree with you that Canada should decline the receipt of Mafia, Camorra, Whitechapel and Moulin Rouge men, but the healthy, sane and strong—never.

Point out to me the nation that failed to gather the different peoples of all ranks and classes, and unite them in one harmonious, prosperous, aggressive, national individuality, and I'll show you a weakling in the world's history.

I like our Dominion, and I believe one of your advance quotations from "The Sowing": "The newcomer in Canada will not remain Englishman, German, Yankee—he will become Canadian." How does Hough reconcile this statement with a previous one: "Her greatest concern should be over the average of her humanity."

Why fume and fuss about the "average of humanity," when it is admitted that all will become Canadians?

The book will stir up a feeling of uneasiness and arrest an active immigration policy. At the present time Canada is figuratively a hop-toad, consuming almost four times its weight daily, and feeling good over it—why make us feel like a boa constrictor—sleepy from a fullness of undigested food?

The articles you publish on Western Canadian development are more to my liking.

H. K. Harris.

Winnipeg, August 27, 1908.

GOVERNMENT ACTION

To The Editor:—Mr. Hough's first article tells a truth where it says the answer to the question of Canadian settlement must be left to the years. But it seems to me the years are getting considerable aid through the action of the Federal Government last winter in stopping the bonus for immigrants who have been townsmen, tradesmen, or artisans, even though they intend to become farmers after their arrival here. The bonus is still paid on those who, in the Old Country, have been used to farming, railway construction work or domestic service, who by reason of their present condition, would be useful in settling and developing the Western Provinces.

New population comes to the cities and towns in the ordinary course of things. It needs no stimulus by immigration. But the prairies want new people, and it is the settled policy of government now to confine the inflow to the sort who would be useful there. The effect of this policy is seen in the decrease in number and increase in quality of those admitted this year. Mr. Hough's criticism of the colonization policy would have had more force if it had taken more notice of that policy. In fact, it would have been a sounder criticism if uttered a year or two ago.

In saying this, I take into account not only what he says in the part already published, but the very strong paragraphs from parts yet to come, which have appeared in the advance notices, particularly those which protest against allowing the philanthropic societies of Great Britain to send here the very poor of their cities. This sort of immigration has already been pretty well stopped, and the policy of the Federal Government is to stop it altogether. It seems to me that the authorities are doing all that can be done to correct the old evil at its source, and that Mr. Hough's kindly meant comments are, therefore, somewhat broad of the mark.

H. J. Humphries.

Toronto, Sept. 3rd, 1908.

WHAT CY WARMAN THINKS

To The Editor—In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr. Hough has sounded a note that ought to vibrate in the head of every economist and the heart of every humanitarian. What shall be done with and for the very poor?

His picture of the awful condition of the poor of the English cities is vivid enough to appal the stoutest, but it is true. It needed to be shown. This condition compels attention and imperatively demands an answer to the question of how it can best be changed. Other questions present themselves too: What are the agencies now at work for its amelioration, and what are those agencies able to show in the way of actual good accomplished? How is this *sirop de cadavre*, that is carrying a clogging death in the veins of nations, to be changed to healthy blood, coursing freely? No question ever needed answer more than that. Mr. Hough has stated its premise with total unreserve, asked it squarely, and shown the only answer that commends itself as natural and complete. He has done this with knowledge, human sympathy and proper courage.

I shall not quote his language. It is there, where all may read. Nothing could be clearer. Nor do I undertake to enlarge his arguments. But they force a feeling that these things need more than admission, or abstract discussion or even loosely-planned action. The kind of action he indicates, or any other that will exercise a genuine saving grace, should begin. It would be adding cruelty to sodden sickness to bring any more of those "pale plants of the city" here to make themselves over into a new growth; but the church, the benevolent associations, the settlement philanthropists, government itself, all should get together and settle a plain working plan for selecting them first, and then giving to each what Mr. Hough calls fitting "environment and opportunity." Canada protests not against these poor, but against a method that does them no good, while it harms the country. Bring them here—there is room enough, and we want the English. But do this with commonsense, as well as with benevolent intent. That is Mr. Hough's inculcation, and who can gainsay its soundness?

Cy Warman.

Montreal, September 10, 1908.

AGAINST CLASS RESTRICTION

To The Editor:—I am distinctly in sympathy with Mr. Hough's views thus far in "The Sowing," and beg to question the action which of late has been giving preference to farm-workers, domestic servants and railway laborers, in selecting immigrants. What we do not want in Canada is the offscourings of London. What we do want is the capable, of all kinds and classes. What we have a right to reject is the incapable, of any class. It is not necessary for an immigrant to be ready to take hold of a farm at once. It is enough if he is in good condition, of good habits, and earnestly wishes to make a new life for himself on the prairies. All such a man needs is the right kind of environment, as Mr. Hough says, and we should be as careful to see that he gets it as that he is made of the stuff that will respond to it.

Canada owes you thanks for giving publicity to Mr. Hough's ideas and arguments. They are sound. I do not like the way he speaks of England and the "lion," but I am a Briton myself, while he is a Yankee, and our opinions may differ as widely as you please on such points as that without there being any difference between us on other things.

Benjamin S. Briggs.

Ottawa, September 10th, 1908.

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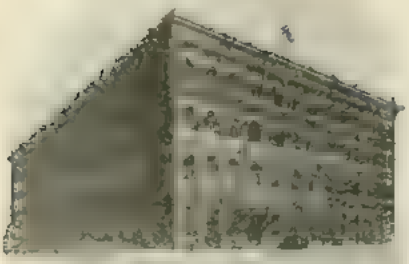

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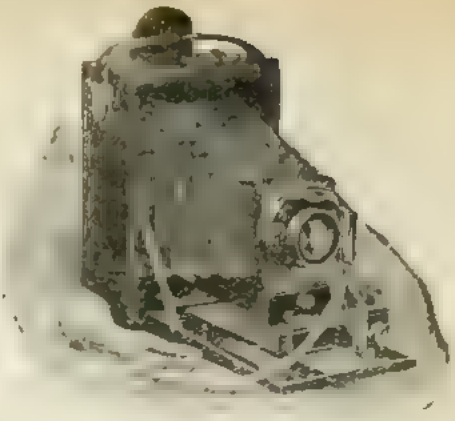

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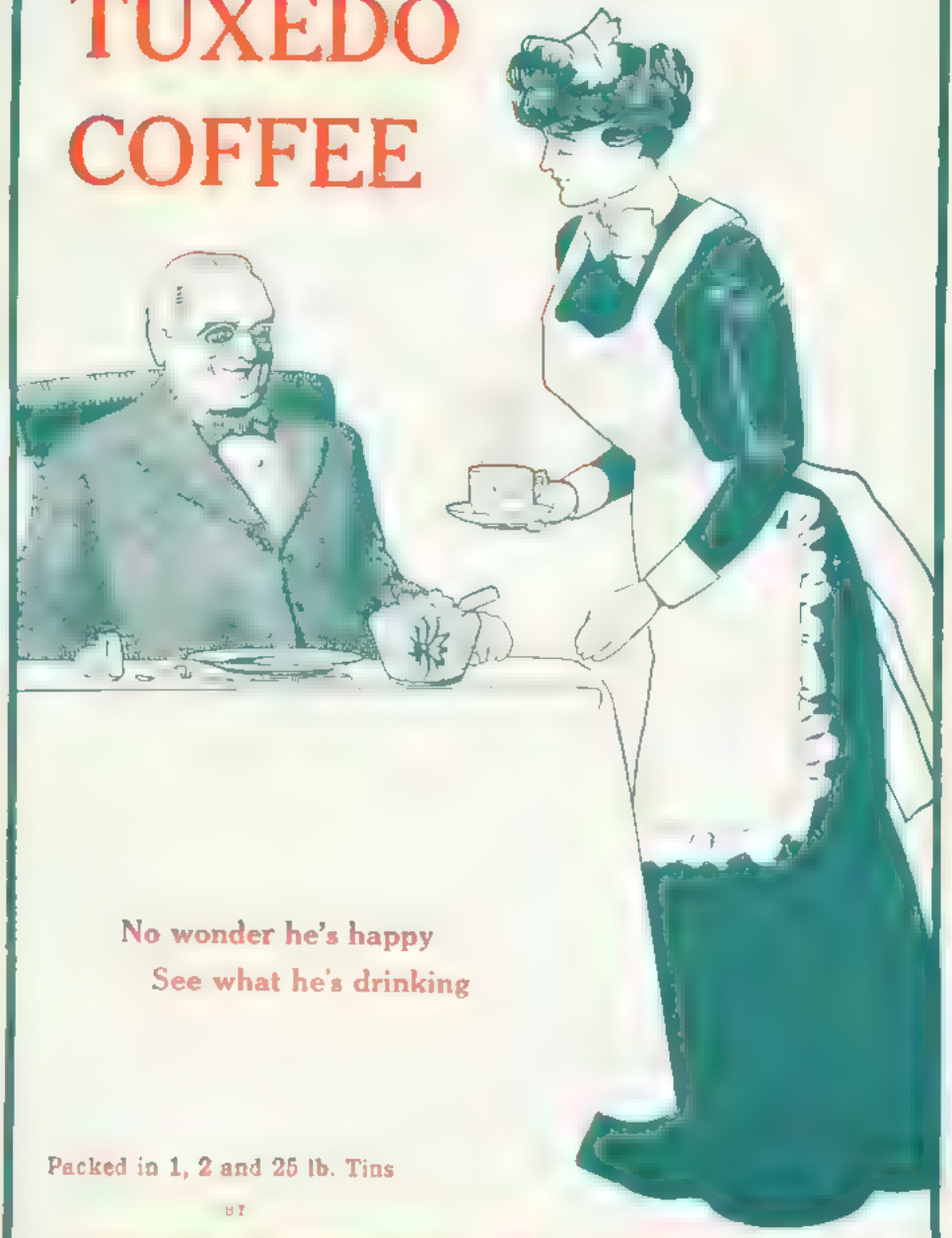

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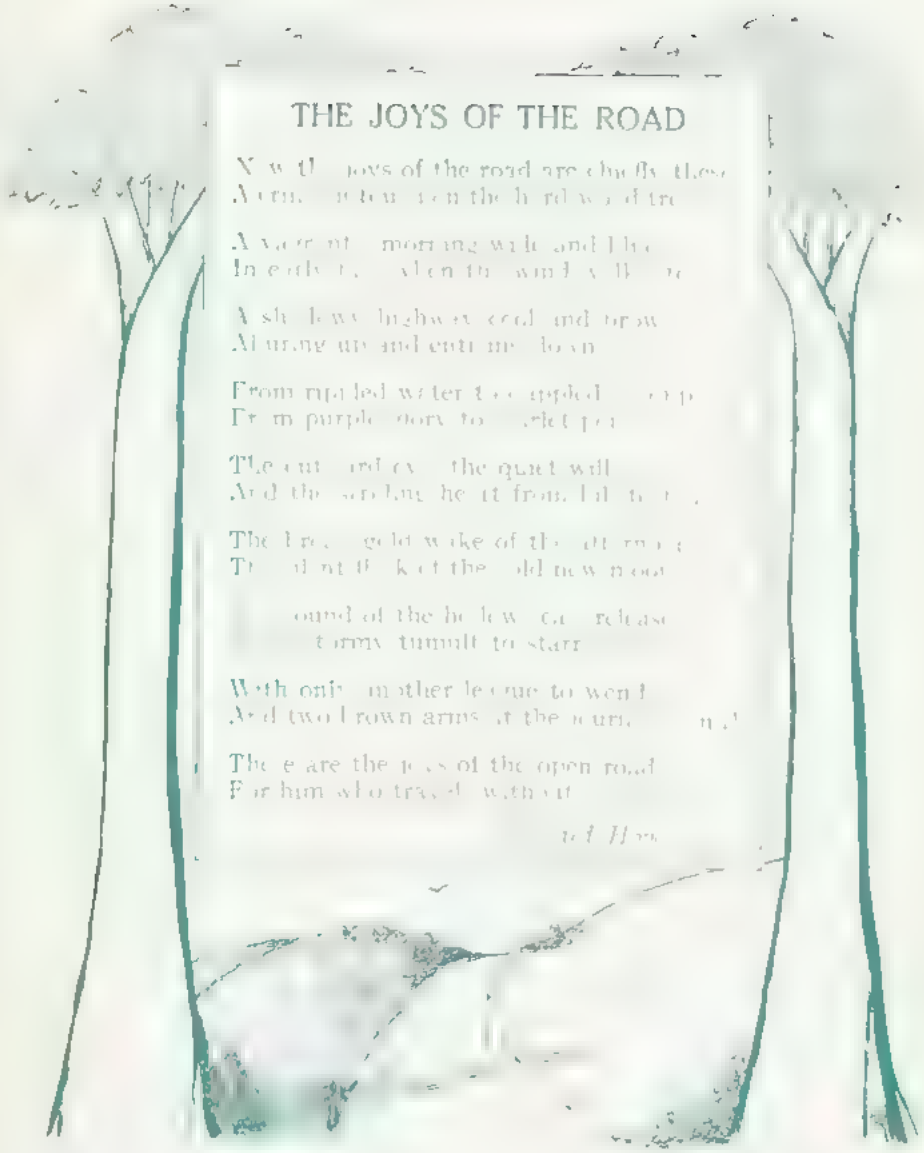


THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

N w th joys of the road are chiefly these
A rm to t the h rd w d tre

A v r nt morning wh and l
In e d t , v l n th wind w

A sh l w highw d and br w
Al ring ur and entr me l w

From rip l d w ter t pp d p
Fr m purpl m r to l t p

The ut rd ey the quiet will
And the r ch he rt fr m l t

The l r gold w ke of the ut rn
Th l nt fl k t the ld n w n

ound of the h l w ut r l
t rm tumult to start

With onl m ther l ne to went
And two l rown arms at the ur n

Th e are the j s of the open road
F r him who trav l with ut

A. J. Hess

Drawn from life by Arthur William Brown

ARTHUR STRINGER

The distinguished Canadian author who sensationally attacks the Canadian romances of Sir Gilbert Parker, Jack London, Stewart Edward White and others

CANADA WEST

VOLUME IV. LONDON, ONT., OCTOBER, 1908 NUMBER 6

THE CANADA FAKERS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Woman in the Ruin" etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE Canadian with a respectable knowledge of his country soon awakens to the fact that there are two Canadas. One is the Canada of fact. The other is the Canada that comes out of ink-wells.

It may be claimed, of course, that misrepresentation of Canada began with its discovery, when the St. Lawrence was written down as the true road to China and the Rapids of "La Chine" were left as a lasting monument to early misjudgment. Then came the era of European misinformation, when Goldsmith's Indians amused themselves by shooting Niagara in their birch barks and the Red Man of the Americas was interpreted, for the delectation of European readers, as a creature like unto nothing ever beheld on sea or land. Ignorance of the country stood as a partial excuse for these heroic demi-gods of the tomahawk. The American Indian was sufficiently remote from the sphere of the Old World's sorrow to be accepted, when dished up on paper, first as a fiend of Mephistophelian ingenuity, and later as a magnanimous and flowery-tongued Olympian. Very much the same exigency of geography can explain how three shiploads of fresh water were sent out from England to the garrison at Kingston during the War of 1812 when the very stones of that fort were lapped by the pure blue waves of Lake Ontario. I once found it hard to forgive Colonel Richardson for representing the English, in his "Wacousta," as stopping the advance of the Indian canoes by felling trees across the St. Clair River (a stream quite as wide and lordly as the lower Hudson). But I learned to be lenient after coming into personal contact with a band of British gold seekers, in the early days of the Klondike rush, who were importing several tons of baled hay from Liverpool, as food for their horses on the overland trip from Edmonton to the Yukon. By the time this carefully treasured hay reached Alberta it was worth just eighty-four dollars a ton: in the Edmonton district, of course, were countless acres of the same commodity, which could be picked up, cut and dried, for four dollars a ton. Being prairie grown and cured, it was, obviously, worth twice its weight in coarse-stalked English hay—for fodder, like fiction, is al-

ways best when cut and dried at home

It was but natural that the earlier years should find men more child-like in their belief as to the country just as they were more uncertain in their aggregate of actual knowledge But Canada even in its remoter corners can no longer be described as a *terra incognita* It has been traversed and retraversed from the Circle down to the Great Lakes There are no vast stretches of it since Amundsen through the North West Passage charted the unknown corners of Victoria and Albert Land to which the foot of explorer and naturalist is now unknown Much of it, however, remains inaccessible to the casual traveler, delightfully uncertain portions of it lie beyond the trail of the summer-holiday tourist So the up to date novelist, ever in search of pastures liberatingly new, has seized on it as a gamboling ground for his more epical romancing And the more northerly the territory, the more Hugoesque the romancing Like Ybarra's spinner of narrative who chose "Southeastern Cappadocia,"

> Because it is a region
> So very far away
> [illegible]ything I mention
> [illegible]y can gainsay

so the young Dumas' of the twentieth century amble up to the Yukon and the Coppermine and the Subarctics in general, and straightway proceed to splash on the color with truly titanic brush strokes They can no longer sentimentalize the Indian, the wielder of the tomahawk has been done to death; ethnic impressarios of the Buffalo Bill ilk have pricked the bubble of illusion with circus-tentfuls of the real blanket robed Red Man So the New World Dumas sets to work to sentimentalize the North to make it over for purely melodramatic purposes

The result is a sort of thrice frapped, cold-storage Ruritania, where the most preposterous things may daily take place, where the laws of nature operate as nowhere else, and where men think and act as never before. It keeps tempting the "large" writer into the familiar trick of pitting puny human passion against the Homeric primordiality and isolation of an empty world. While engaged in this occupation, you will notice, he will glibly enlarge on the Colossal Menace of the Eternal Frost and the White Terror of the Unspeakable Cold which haunts the mind of man like the Shadow of Death itself In this amiable fashion, for instance, Mr Robert Service describes the Great Northwest as "The Country God Forgot," and in his "Spell of The Yukon," apostrophizes her as

> "O outcast land! O leper land!
> Let the lone wolf cry all express
> The hate insensate of thy hand,
> Thy heart's abysmal loneliness!"

This, it must be confessed, is very strong writing, and very strong language But it is also a very fair specimen of what Ruskin has called the Pathetic Fallacy. It's like weeping over a frog because it has nothing better than water to swim in. It's about the same as sympathizing with a polar bear for not having a steam-heated flat to sleep in It's very hard to remember that the frog and the polar bear are not made as we are. Sentimentally inclined persons, accordingly, waste a great many tears over things in no wise pathetic in themselves Thus when a traveller goes up into the North Country determined to be a martyr, he can usually become one. He can make himself suffer a great deal. And if he wishes to pose as a great explorer, overcoming vast difficulties, he can always muck-rake along the bald spots on the map and harrow up sufficient hardships for his self-glorification. Yet travel across this same country has become a commonplace to the men whose duty it is to traverse it, season by season. The New Yorker who decided to desert his Fifth Avenue mansion for a night and tent in Central Park, might put in a very unusual and uncomfortable eight hours of it. Yet the man who is used to the tent and the sleeping-bag would probably prefer that night of open-air to the royal suite at the Plaza Hotel. In the same way the men who really know the far North, who understand and meet its conditions, are practically unanimous in their verdict of its *livability*. The

official reports of the North-West Mounted Police, those lonely riders of the plains whose beat takes them up beyond the Arctic Circle itself, show clearly enough the dependability of the climate, just as the development of Alaska has shown that men may live and love and marry and make gardens and homes even beyond that parallel where operates according to Mr Kipling's snap judgment, "never a law of man or God" It makes good music hall ballad material, but if Mr Kipling even so much as tried to tote a gun about Dawson City, for instance, he would find the strong arm of British justice promptly squeezing the poetic license out of his over theatrical actions He might also see the placid cauliflower and cabbage and cucumber growing Fort Simpson, and from Fort Good Hope, fourteen miles south of the Arctic Circle, he might have purchased seed potatoes grown on the spot

It is in this way, too, that such a writer as Mr. Caspar Whitney comes to grief I use the phrase advisedly in his volume "On Snowshoes Through the Barren Grounds" Mr. Whitney who has on more than one occasion evinced an ambition to come in contact with hitherto undiscovered tribes seems to have started into Northern Canada with the journalistic passion to get a "scoop," if not on tribe-finding, at least on calamity-chasing. He succeeded very well indeed in this search for heroic misadventures. Yet his success is not hard to understand remembering it was Mr Whitney's first trip of this kind in the far North and that he was encouragingly and obviously ignorant of the conditions to be faced. So were those narrow-chested weak limbed Cockney clerks who poured into Edmonton during the early days of the Klondike stampede and died by the score along the trail of the "Overland Route," while native voyageurs were making the trip with the nonchalant assurance of a man motoring to Albany and back

The best of artists, in writing sincerely and consistently of a country as they may be permitted, are guilty of an occasional slip of the pen. Every now and then, *nolens-volens*, we keep

giving our Bohemias a sea-coast, as did our betters before us But it is not this tendency to add to the mere curiosities of literature that leaves the Northland writer so remarkable It is the wilful and deliberate distortion of truth, the persistent traducing of a

country the continuous maligning of its name and nature that leaves the Canada Faker so much in a class by himself. The sad fact is that by far the greatest portion of this fiction about Northern Canada is written by men who do not know the country. A summer excursion to Alaska a week or two of hunting in the North Woods, a fortnight or so at a Hudson's Bay post, a day or two of heart-to-heart talks with a hotel guide and your novelist is equipped to write on Canada and Canadian life with all the authority of a New World Josephus. The professional book reviewer and the preoccupied critic accept and label such outpourings as faithful portraiture. The demigod like absurdities enacted between the assiduous romancer's book covers are soon accepted and held up as representative of the people and race of the soil. The result is a breed of New World Hyperboreans that seem to be a cross between a timber-wolf and a sea-otter and a land of Cold and Terror that is as thrillingly gruesome as a stage with all the green lights turned on.

Prominent among what may be called the Canada Fakers must be placed the name of Mr. Jack London. His claim to distinction in this connection does not rest so much on his literary exploitation of the hitherto unknown amphibious fish of the Coppermine Valley as on his deliberate and clearly discerned method of workmanship. Mr. London of course does not always claim to gather his material at first hand. In his "Love of Life" which he naively confesses to have made into "literature" from Mr. Augustus Bridle's wonderfully absorbing and previously published story of the same adventure Mr. London represents the famished hero as trying to corner this aforementioned obviously amphibious fish in a small and muddy pool. He ends by baling out the pool which was nearly dry at the end of half an hour. "Not a cupful of water remained," writes the author. "And there was no fish. He (the man) found a hidden crevice among the stones through which it had escaped to the adjoining and larger pool—a pool which he could not empty in a night and a day." This leaves us to choose one of two things. Either there are indeed amphibious fish in the Valley of the Coppermine, or the laws of gravitation fail to operate in their usual manner in this strange country of the North. So, in still another story, we must show no surprise when Mr. London's hero finds an open water-hole, chopped through the river-ice, and remaining unfrozen when the thermometer is registering some seventy-nine degrees of frost. It was necessary, for the melodramatic effect of the story, that this hero should fling to the river-bottom a pile of tainted gold, to lie there and be a mystery to a certain newcomer. But it is only in Northern Canada that you can chop a hole in the ice and see the water-hole remain unfrozen while the spirit-thermometer is flirting with the eighty-below-zero mark.

What leads me to suspect that this author knows much less about the North than he pretends is the fact that in "White Fang," he calmly writes about a *birch-bark sled*. As it is this sled's function to transport some four hundred pounds of freight, why not resort to tar-paper and have something a little more substantial? Now, Mr. London has apparently read or overheard that "birch" was used in the building of northern sleds. Yet if he knew this country as he claims to do, he would never make the fatal mistake of substituting birch-bark for birch-wood. Equally interesting is this author's use of the dog-driver's command of "Mush on!" Invaluable as this advice might prove to the creators of northland literature in general, it is a term to be heard along the Western Coast, as an order to a train of "huskies," but never inland, that is, towards the interior of Northern Canada. The nearest that comes to it is the French word, "Marche!" Mr. Stewart Edward White errs more often than Mr. London in this respect, but he is so staggering in his mistakes as to Canada and Canadian life that he must be reserved for later notice.

The sin that lies darkest at Mr. London's door, let me hasten to add, is

STEVEN LEWARS WORK

not one of mere local color and detail, such as I have mentioned. It is, rather, that general and persistent tendency to "foreigneer" things, to translate everything northern into the lurid. The map of the North must be all red, or nothing. Everything above the forty-ninth parallel must be written down as blood and raw beef.

Mr. London has been ably seconded in all such attempts by Mr. Rex Beach, whose *penchant* seems to be the transplanting of a Christy Girl in a Nell Brinkley creation of lace and ruffles to a Polar background where The Boy—*she* must always be known as The Girl—tests his god-like sinew against a Frozen Twilight that puts the ninth hell of Dante to shame. The light seems to be always uncertain in this Gehenna smudged North, inasmuch as Mr. Beach's heroine in "The Barrier," ravishingly beautiful as he has painted her, is for years mistaken for and accepted as a Siwash half-breed. Equally plain is the deduction that Mr. Beach, in his years of arduous prospecting in Alaska, has discovered creek-bottoms where *placer* gold can plainly be picked up with sugar-tongs, for it is in this same volume that he records the finding of "a color that would *ring in the pan*." Even Mr. William de Morgan, leisured and careful workman that he is, describes his hero Fenwick, in "Somehow Good," as freighting a quartz-crusher from San Francisco up to the *placer* mines of the Klondike. This same hero, by the way, lives for some time "*at* Ontario," which is equivalent to saying that he lived some time "*at* Scotland," or spent a winter "*at* Italy." These things are trivial enough in themselves, but they are rooted in an ignorance that is abysmal. Equally trivial is Mr. Beach's attempt to initiate us into the marvellous prophylactic and therapeutic value of the northern potato, conclusively demonstrating as he does how a camp may be saved from the worst form of scurvy by a mere mess or two of "spuds." But less trivial is Mr. Beach's fixed determination to emulate Mr. Jack London in his resolve to give us goose-flesh while dwelling on the awfulness of the Northern Cold—it must always be spelt with a capital "C." The gravest charge against the Yellow Journalist is that his end is not Truth, but Sensation. He may even give us Truth, as he claims, but his very menace lies in that fact that the Truth he gives us is Truth marshalled and colored by a febrile and unstable personality. So the sensational novelist continues to picture the man of the North as a puny spirit, haunted and hounded and eternally harassed by the Never-Sleeping Fear of the Great Frost. He will continue to be drawn against the background of a world of blood and iron, contending in a white-walled arena of the most monstrous and primal of passions, forever ward-heeling an inflated and well frosted Tenderloin of the New World where there is never a law of man or God—while all the while at the Mission at Fort Providence (latitude 62.30) lies a farm where wheat and oats and barley and peas are quietly grown and the priests may be seen placidly picking blueberries and raspberries and strawberries in the warm sunlight of the twenty-houred day. So these acidulated regurgitations of a Kipling in his colicky mood period may be interesting, may sound big and manly, but they have a tendency to become monotonous, even in modern melodramas and shilling-shockers bound in cloth. The wilderness is always "frowning," the desolation is always "interminable," and the shadows always "fall crimson across the snow," which, mark you, our estimable author intends not to refer to the warmth of the sun-tints, but to the perverse "blugginess" of the territory in general.

Yet the one thing that is freely admitted by the man who knows Northern Canada is, as I have already intimated, the *humbleness* of the country. This, too, applies as well to the winter season as to the summer season. A traveller and observer like Arthur Heming, for instance, will seldom expatiate on the hardship of northern living or "tripping." Men who have shown themselves to be not only keen and close investigators but also unbiased reporters of truth, with no megaphonic destinies to fulfill, are

unanimous in their verdict that the terror and cold and desolation of the North as pictured by the Canada Fakers are things of the over wrought imagination and the over-anxious artist in quest of a thrill. As Frederic Irland has said: "There is only one climate in the world more enjoyable than the Canadian summer, and that is the Canadian winter." Mr. Kipling, in his quick and nervous reportorial style, has called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." Canada could have forgiven him for that, had he shown, for instance, that he knew the difference between her native bloodroot and his own English snow-drop. The bloodroot is a very delicate and sensitive little flower, and if Mr. Kipling will show me in what part of Canada it really does show "*white against the draggled drift*," I shall be grateful for so bewildering a treat

There is one industrious young lady in particular —and chivalry forbids the denomination of this hard-working authoress!—whose mistakes on Canada and the ways of the Northern Canadian and the "Great Company" and the animals that inhabit the country there of are as strange as they are varied One instance alone must suffice as an illustration of this lady's powers of observation. The writer in question is speaking of the Land of the Midnight Sun. It is summer time, and she describes the setting of this sun, or, rather, its brief dip behind the polar horizon. The lady, however, instead of having it set in the North, causes it to sink below the Southern skyline, thus out-Joshuaing Joshua himself When natural history is combined with keenness of observation so delightfully rare the value of the product as a whole can be realized at a glance. It recalls to my mind the solicitude with which an Oxford professor once inquired after my welfare, on hearing that I had but recently come from Canada. He was extremely anxious to know how I was managing on English mutton after so many years of seal meat and blubber. But then it is in England where the ever-insular novelist consigns the more abandoned children of his creation "to the Colonies" with the same mournfulness which might mark their exile to penal servitude. It serves to explain, somewhat, the fact that Mrs Humphrey Ward could speak of one of her characters as promenading the banks of the St. Lawrence and at the same time looking out on the mists of Lake Superior -another instance of the truly miraculous conditions which obtain in Canada.

The writer of the New World, however, we expect to be a little more exact in dealing with his own continent Yet Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in "The Bar Sinister," ventures so far as to give Canada a "Viceroy" (he was of course, thinking of pith-helmets and India) and place a Government House in Montreal. The inhabitants of this same city, according to our astute observer of international conditions, converse in what may be called a cross between a Liverpool dock-brogue and a Cockney dialect. The currency of Canada is likewise shown to be, not dollars and cents, but pounds, shillings,

Author of "Al[illegible]ph Vance" and Something Good"

and pence. Why did not Mr. Davis bring in a *corps* of redskins in pith helmets, or introduce an ant-eater or two on the Laurentians and a crocodile or so along the palm-strewn St Lawrence?

Equally strange are the errors of Sir Gilbert Parker, who is Canadian born and was for so many years a school-teacher in his native country. Thus, in his book, "The Chief Factor," he has two of his characters about to fight a duel with swords It is natural, of course, that two such combatants would search for passably level ground Sir Gilbert takes them from the Hudson's Bay Company's post and brings them to a moose yard. Now it is my fixed conviction that the author in question has in some way confounded the word "moose-yard" with "barn-yard." It is equally my conviction that Sir Gilbert has never looked upon a moose-yard, much less tried to travel through one in the winter time. For a moose-yard is nothing more than an intricate net-work, a wandering maze, of deep tracks, or, rather, of deep gutters, an irregular series of trap-holes two feet and more to the bottom. And a delightfully odd and uncertain place indeed in which to indulge in combat by sword! Still again, Sir Gilbert's tendency to sentimentalize the situation leads him to depict his characters as marching across the snow in the dead of winter while one member of the band blithely defies sub-zero weather and trippingly plays a flute Now, [illegible] how this placid-s[illegible] gered the stops is a very nice problem, when an unmittened hand will show signs of frost-bite before even the aria of "Annie Laurie" could be rendered We see the same tendency to render up a goulash of dilettante details spiced with sentiment when Sir Gilbert turns historical and has General Wolfe "eye" his men in the boats on the St Lawrence, at the turn of the tide, during that eventful night which had already been described as pitch dark, even while these men were so many, many hundred feet away. Wonderful indeed are the midnights of Canada, for on the same occasion Wolfe observes the bivouacs of Bougainville at Cap Rouge, many miles higher up the river Equally naive is Sir Gilbert's transplanting of the Castle of St Louis to the summit of Cape Diamond He also has the General's boat challenged from "Sillery Heights," without the slightest betrayal to the watchful enemy (who, by the way, were uniformed in *white*, instead of *blue*), although this challenge must have been heard from a cliff six hundred feet high. The Quebec of those days was not girdled with walls, any more than Wolfe did not fight without reserves. Nor is an English court of law ever conducted as that depicted in "The Right of Way"—but neither nature history nor fact need be tarried over in the sentimentalization of literature

It is with considerable timidity that one approaches Mr Stewart Edward White and his treatment of the North I say this not so much because Mr. White is the master of a fluent and forceful style and has written many stories that are both charming and powerful, but more because so august a personage as the Washington enemy of the Nature Faker himself has placed on Mr. White the seal of his complete

approval. He writes about only what he knows and sees, we have been told, he is an authority on whom we can always depend. Such an attitude toward an author, and such a commendation of his literary product, renders more or less interesting even a necessarily hurried glance at his treatment of raw material

Mr. White, as he has every reason to do, knows the life of the river-driver and knows it well. But the life of the Canadian trapper and the ways of the Hudson's Bay Company have not made themselves quite so plain to him. A very cursory glance at "The Silent Places" soon convinces one of this. The basic idea of the story is an especially dramatic one; that is to say, the prolonged and relentless pursuit of a defalcating Indian by two hired agents of "The Honorable The Hudson's Bay Company," offers a very respectable bid for attention. But the story, unfortunately, is based on a fallacy. What is more, it is wrong in its important details and it is preposterous in execution. In the first place, it is not and never was the custom of the Hudson's Bay Company to expend good money for the active pursuit of delinquent trappers, Indian, "breed," or white. They were, from the first, competent masters of the land over which they held commercial sway. Their system of "posts" was so complete, their influence was so widespread, their knowledge of ultimate reckonings was so assured, that the mere "posting" of any half-breed or Indian delinquent, at the different trading-places of the Company, was all that was necessary

It was, of course, a sort of Rogue's Gallery on a small scale, and until "Wet Blanket" or "Ram in the-Face" wiped out his debt no credit could be extended to him. The result was that the offender, having no outside source of trade or supplies, was as completely subjugated as a garrison cut off from its base. When the offender turned up, as turn up he must, he was made to pay; the Company was great and could bide its time. Then, too, we are told that a blood hound was used for portions of this great man-hunt. Thrillingly as the mere sound of such a creature's name may fall on metropolitan ears, it must reluctantly be confessed that there are no bloodhounds in the country of which Mr White so movingly writes They are not found there, and it would be as foolish to import them as it would be to bring in an army of Uncle Toms to gather cotton from the Moose River bottoms. Then again, Mr White makes a very serious mistake in intimating that the Northern traveller can veer and tack about this country at his own sweet will. The tide of northland traffic always follows the line of its natural highway; that is, it goes by river and stream and lake. By summer the travel is in canoe; by winter, on snowshoes and sled. Vast detours are made to take advantage of these natural highways. Yet Mr. White sends his men 'cross country, over barriers that might well awe the gentle reader. The trick adds, possibly to the sense of grim implacability in the hearts of the man-hunters, but the procedure is not feasible Men do not romp around between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay ignoring all natural highways of travel, except in the pages of romance

Then Mr. White represents the Ojibways and the Chippewas as engaged in deadly strife Yet they are one and the same people, and Mr. White might just as well speak of internecine strife between Canucks and Canadians, or New Yorkers and Gothamites Early in the book a canoe is described as made from a "winter-cut" of birch. Now birch bark, as the woodsman knows, is not easily separated from the parent trunk until the sap begins to run, and it is in May that such bark can be cut for canoe building Nor does the Canadian tan northern hare skins for his blankets. The skins are cut in strips and wound about slender thongs or strings, the fur outside, and then plaited loosely together. Like the phrase "Mush on!" the word 'parka" is not used, as Mr. White would have us believe, in the neighborhood of the Hudson Bay. Mr. White ought to know, too, that a desperately hurried man can travel farther, in winter, without dogs than with dogs The exception to this, of course, is when the trail lies along a string of "posts" or camps or caches where dog feed, which is embarrassingly bulky and heavy, can be picked up from day to day. Otherwise it pays the man to travel "light" and alone. Then our author is surely thinking of a Jersey snow-storm when he speaks of the snow as coming down in clogging flakes, zigzagging earthward like pieces of paper. This is mild weather snow —yet Mr. White has just spoken of the danger of going unmittened, for even three minutes. Snow does not fall this way in the North, even in March, which may there be regarded as a winter month. Northern snow is usually so fine that it is almost like rime in the air. Nor is it possible, as Mr. White repeatedly intimates, that the man on snowshoes (which, *en passant*, are used until April) betrays his presence by the crunching of such snow as this. Seldom indeed will the sound of a snowshoe carry twenty-five yards. According to "The Silent Places," the Barren Grounds of Canada contains one and only one vast herd of caribou. This solitary herd might prove to be 2,000 miles away and as hard to meet, our author explains, as a school of dolphins at sea. Yet Mr. J. W. Tyrrell, the Canadian explorer and naturalist, has recorded that, during forty days of travel through this same territory by canoe, he was not out of sight of wandering caribou-herds for so much as one day at a time. There are, in fact, thousands of such bands, just as there are actually millions of caribou in this land so inappropriately called "Barren."

The same series of errors stand out

from Mr White's "Conjurer's House," excellent romancing as it is. The "House" may only too easily be established as Moose Factory, which, I believe, Mr. White visited in the pursuit of local color. But he should have brought away with him the knowledge that sled-dogs are not used in that part of the country. So deep is the snow and so scarce is dog feed (i e., fish), that even the mail is not carried in by dog-sled. Dogs are used only on the Bay itself. Yet the novelist records that "red-sashed *voyageurs* forced their exhausted sledge-dogs across the ice from some unseen wilderness trail" Equally erroneous is the assumption that "fur brigades" also indulge in hunting. A "brigade" is a transport party, travelling with canoe or dog, and carrying furs or freight. The breeds and Indians do the hunting; the brigades are the common-carriers of the country. Then Mr. White, [illegible] many writers on the North, is forever sacrificing truth on the altar of the picturesque He garbs his Hudson's Bay Company men in furs, yet, strange to say, it is a rare exception to see an "H B. C." man togged out in furs. It would be interesting to know, too, just where the author of "Conjurer's House" beheld Canadian *voyageurs* who were addicted to the practise of smoking cigarettes. Satisfying as it may be to see the nonchalant villain flourish the time-honored cigarette, it must be admitted that the pipe is the Northland's instrument of solace-seeking. To rest "one pipe," during a hard bit of paddling, means to relax that space of time in which one pipeful of tobacco may be smoked

So, on the whole, it is the passion to make the trails of the north either always picturesque or always tragic that leads to many foolish blunders. Mr. Lawrence Mott has even indited a very moving tale of a man in the throes of starvation. He is struggling and tottering along one of these ever-tragic trails, while over his weakening shoulder hangs the body of a frozen silver fox. The agony of his ever-increasing hunger is most graphically set forth A very admirable brew of melodrama is made of the situation. But why, in the name of all this over maligned North, did not this extremely hungry gentleman stop and dine on silver fox? It must have been mere absentmindedness, and no innate sense of delicacy, for in the North of which I speak even skunk is eaten, and eaten with relish. Perhaps it was also absentmindedness which prompted the author of "The Silent Places," in describing the Ojibway method of snowshoe-making, to say that "caribou shrinks when wet." For the very simple experiment of soaking an ordinary snowshoe thong of caribou rawhide and hanging it on a wall will prove that when thus wet it will stretch with its own weight. It was not forgetfulness of factitious and melodramatic values, however, which prompted Mr. White to describe the winter tripping of his two heroes as holding "not an hour of real comfort" This is as much an infringement on poetic license as his description of the northern stars as "crackling in the heavens" with cold. The flower of man's spirit is his adaptability to circumstance. Properly equipped, he can make himself as much at home on the Mackenzie as on the Amazon With a decent windbreak, and a clear conscience, he can enjoy his after supper smoke in the Subarctic open beside his own fire quite as much as though he were one of a camping party on Lake atmosphere, so ozonic that it is almost Placid. After his day in an opaline champagne-like in its exhilarating effects, he can luxuriate in the hot air from that fire as serenely as city-folks do in that emanating from north-country romances

THE GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

BY ARTHUR J FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

TO OPEN a trunk route from the [illegible] hundred miles shorter than existing lines of water carriage to make seaports of Fort William, Port Arthur and other lake cities -to carry ocean commerce another thousand miles inland and virtually add 5,000 miles to the coast line of the continent and to accomplish all these results by the annual expenditure for ten years of a sum one third less than the city of Chicago pays to maintain its schools is a project that may fairly be classed with such world known undertakings as the Suez and Panama Canals Such is the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, which, after four years of surveys by Government engineers, has been reported feasible at a cost of less than $[illegible]

When it is completed, western grain will reach port at Fort William, nine hundred miles west of Montreal. From that point going eastward through the Sault canal, instead of turning to the south, it will go direct to the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay. Thence along almost an air line through French River to Lake Nipissing, down the Mattawa River to the Ottawa and via the latter stream to Montreal, the present terminus of ocean navigation. The new connecting link, between Georgian Bay and Montreal, will consist of four hundred miles of open lake and slack-water river navigation, and only thirty miles of canal, affording a safe, direct, protected and commodious channel and constituting throughout an inland waterway of the highest class with a minimum depth of 22 feet and locks 600 feet in length. The economic results which will follow its opening, and especially the benefit to the Northwest, can hardly be exaggerated

The great problem of the Northwest for years to come may be concretely presented in the question How can the farmer's share of the dollar paid for his produce by the consumer be increased? Its solution lies in reduction of cost of carriage

Forty years ago Illinois and the country southwest of Lake Michigan were in that early stage of development through which the Northwest is now passing. All the disabilities of a new country were severely felt, not the least being that of high cost of carriage of their products to an available market. In 1861 out of every dollar paid in Liverpool for corn, 11¼ cents reached the grower, while 88¾ cents

were consumed in getting it to market In 1905, the lowering of freight rates due to extension and improvement of transportation facilities, had reached such a point that 20¼ cents out of the dollar paid all costs of carriage, and the grower netted 73¼ cents. While the figures are given for corn alone, they apply in a general way to all that the farmer of that section had to sell or buy. What needs further explanation of the rapid growth of wealth and population in one of the most prosperous agricultural communities in the world, and the rise of a city of over 2,000,000 inhabitants at the south end of Lake Michigan?

The Northwest farmer starts under vastly more favorable circumstances than the Illinois pioneer of half-a-century ago. He stands in exactly the same position as the man in Illinois to-day, and his problem is the same

It does not follow that his gain must be the loss of the railway companies who have enabled the Northwest farmer to compete in the markets of the world But it must be recognized that there is a limit below which profitable operation will not allow rates to fall.

Aid must be looked for along the line of development of waterways helping the farmer by securing for him lower rates, helping the railway by taking off its hands the heavy, unprofitable traffic which must have low rates to make it move at all, and increasing the volume of its high-class, better paying traffic

The economic effect of the opening of the deep waterway from the Lakes to the Atlantic may perhaps be best gauged in the light of what has been done elsewhere Freight passing the Sault increased from 1,500,000 tons in 1881, when the ship canal was opened, to 58,000,000 tons last year An item of 9,000,000 tons of west bound coal per annum has been created by the demand for return cargo, and indicates what may be expected to occur on the Georgian Bay Canal

In 1906, 51,750,000 tons of freight passed through the Sault Canals, on which average freight charges paid were at the rate of 84 mills per ton per mile During the same year American railroads carried 1,610,000,000 tons at an average rate of 7 66 mills per ton per mile, or just *nine times the average*

THE UPPER OTTAWA WHICH THE NEW CANAL WILL MAKE THE WATER HIGHWAY

water rate Had the freight passing the Sault been moved by rail at the average rate the additional cost above what was actually paid would have been over $290,000,000, or *more than half the entire valuation of the freight carried* Of course these figures are not to be taken as an absolute standard of comparison, but even cutting the amount in two the saving effected would make the Sault canals easily the most profitable public works on the continent

And if the community were the gainers by this traffic, so also were the railways. Thus the cost of transporting 43,000,000,000 mile tons by water was $30,700,000, while for carrying 216,650,000,000 mile tons the railways got $1,660,000,000. If the railways had been compelled to carry the traffic of the waterway at the rates actually paid it would have brought down their average earnings from 7.66 mills to 6.51 mills per ton per mile, a comparative reduction of gross earnings of 15 per cent., enough to wipe out the surpluses and a large percentage of the dividends of every railway in the United States for that year

If the Georgian Bay Canal did no more than to reduce the through rate on grain to Liverpool by two cents a bushel, it would be worth many millions annually to the Northwest. On an output of 100,000,000 bushel this represents a direct saving of $2,000,000 per annum. But this is only a tithe of the actual result The price realized for the surplus for export of the staple crop fixes practically the value of everything the farmer has to sell. And while the effect of the lessened rate is to increase the value of what he sells it also lowers the cost of what he buys So that his gain is in geometrical proportion to every lowering of traffic cost

The annual expenditure of $10,000,000 for ten years will construct the canal while on an annual traffic of only 5,000,000 tons the direct saving effected in comparison with rail haulage at the lowest through rates will be at least $10,000,000 yearly. In his evidence before the Canadian Senate, the late George Y Wisner, of the United States Deep Waterways Commission, estimated the initial traffic of the canal at 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons. And as the indirect savings greatly exceed

the direct, it is within the bounds of the [illegible] people of the Northwest [illegible] of wealth exists in the 1,000,000 H. P. estimated by the engineers to be developed by the canal. This is so situated in relation to timber and mineral areas [illegible] the domestic traffic. From its location [illegible] a cheap outlet to foreign markets and [illegible] well as sectional importance.

Canada has been too much open to the reproach of being described as "length without breadth" or as one [illegible]

THE OTTAWA RIVER FLOWS PAST [illegible]

the Ottawa River, as predicted by the late Walter Shanly, "the workshop of America." The power developed should pay upkeep and interest charges on the investment, making the navigation channel practically free of cost to the country.

A fact sometimes lost sight of is that Eastern Canada will, as population grows and industries multiply, absorb more and more of the surplus of the Northwest. In time, as has been the case in the United States, the export trade will be entirely overshadowed by the domestic. This generation which is looking on at the marvel of the "Great Lone Land" of the Canadian Northwest being peopled by prosperous millions, will witness the final disappearance of the delusion that Eastern Canada consists in a mere strip of land a few miles wide along the St. Lawrence. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shown his faith in the resources and future of the great "hinterland" of Quebec and Ontario by carrying the new transcontinental railway far to the north of existing settlement. Both these Provinces are

taking stock of their resources and pushing into the north lands That narrow and sectional spirit which regarded the riches of the remoter as a preserve to be exploited for the benefit of a few people in the southern portion of the Provinces has disappeared and a new era has set in for the hern Districts

tent with this policy and attitude and with the broader Canadianism prevailing, the Dominion Government must at an early date enter upon the great national work of construction of the Georgian Bay Canal a direct deep-waterway "from prairie to port," through the heart of the Dominion -a new base line for railway operations and therefore a means of broadening out the area of settlement, and "giving the country a backbone," as expressed by the late Hon Mackenzie -a source of almost unlimited energy in its waterpowers which will transfigure the face of the country, supporting great industries and a large population -a means of economic savings will importance of which will many times outweigh its cost, and especially to the people of the Northwest -and the most favorable of all possible routes not only for exportation of the surplus of the rn plains but for the cultivation of that inter provincial and domestic commerce which in itself will constitute one of the strongest bonds of national unit

THE INTRUDERS

BY MADGE MACBETH

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER L. BARNES

AS Marcia Gray crept noiselessly down from the third flat of the Brandons' house, Van McNaughton tip-toed stealthily up from the first. They came face to face in the dimly-lighted hall.

"Oh!" they gasped, in unison, and stepped back a pace, with dark suspicion springing in their eyes.

The hour was late, say half-past eleven—late enough for such an occasion as this; and in the house, like its famous predecessor, not a creature was stirring.

"You did not expect to see me," ventured Marcia, who was the first to recover herself

"I might say the same to you," retorted Van, watching her with a wary eye.

"In which event, I suppose, we each would answer, vehemently, '*No!*' "

"She has a cool nerve!" thought Van. Aloud, he said, "Precisely."

"Suppose we sit down and talk matters over," suggested Marcia, giving a tilt to her soft felt hat—"that is, if you are in no hurry."

She started forward into the little den which lay directly in front of them, but thinking better of it, caught the man lightly by the sleeve, pulling him with her.

"I always hated the dark," she apologized, "and I don't know where to find the switch."

He touched a button and flooded the room with a soft pink glow, then turned and looked curiously at the girl beside him.

"I should think you would be rather at home in the dark," he said gravely.

She shivered. "Not at all; I hate it; and when I go to strange houses, I always carry an electric lantern. Oh, I certainly *hate* the dark," she repeated.

DRESSED BECOMINGLY IN A DARK BROWN SUIT

McNaughton looked at her with something very like admiration, and no wonder. He saw a girl of slight and graceful build, dressed becomingly in a dark brown suit—some soft fur nestling close around her shoulders, setting off to great advantage an unusually attractive, thoughtful face.

In her hand, she carried a rather large shopping bag. This seemed to fascinate McNaughton—his eyes were drawn back to it, again and again.

She swiftly took note of the man's powerful frame, square determined jaw, restless, observant glance. "Diplomacy must fight my battle," she thought, "force would hardly do."

"We may as well be comfortable," she said, aloud. "Won't you sit down? And perhaps you smoke?"

Sinking carefully into a morris chair, Van put his hands against his two bulging pockets. The slightest knock would destroy the treasures hidden there.

"Dollars to doughnuts, they are the silver spoons," was Marcia's mental comment.

"So you are going to entertain me," suggested McNaughton, with a quizzical smile. He wondered just how far her nerve would stretch.

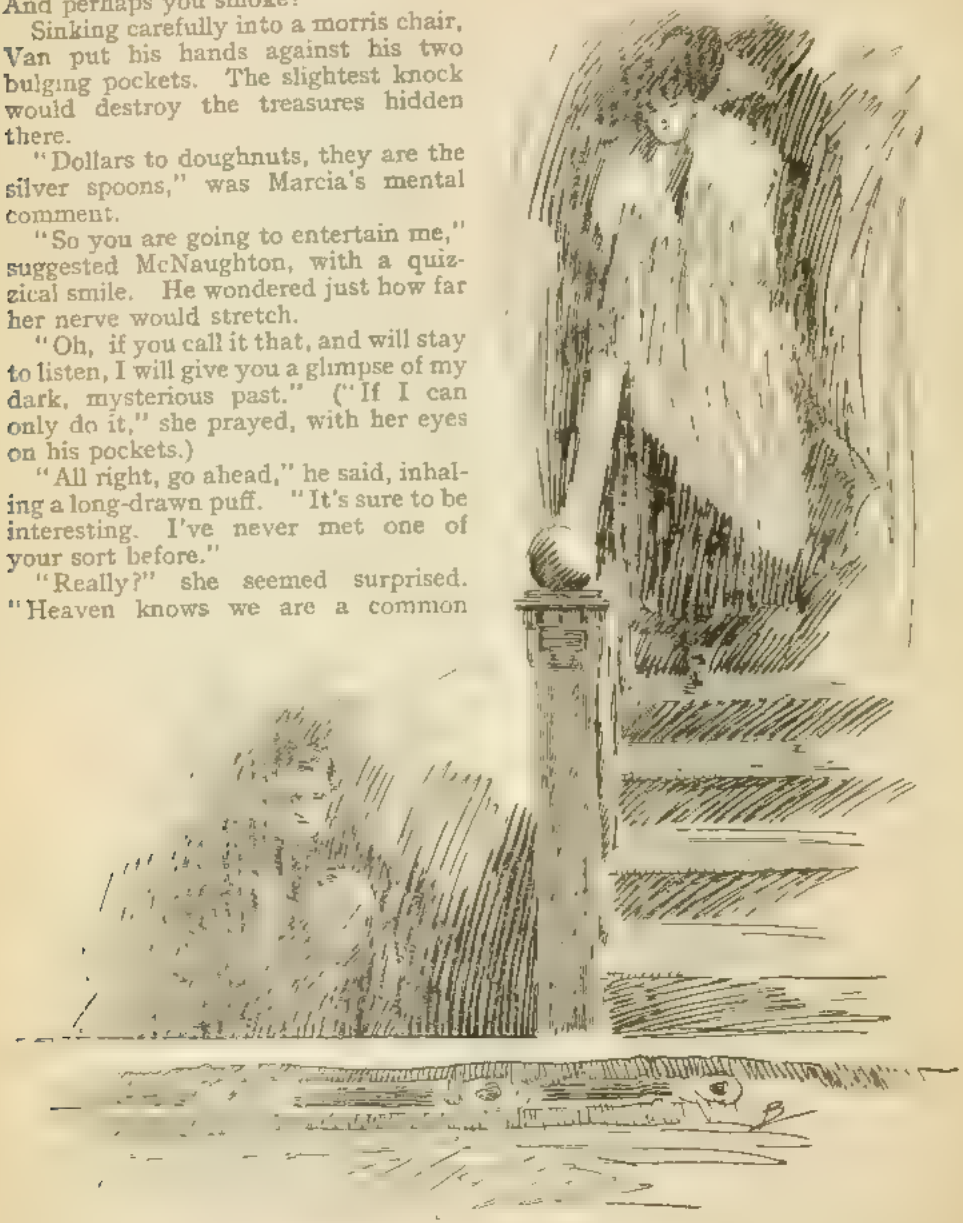
"Oh, if you call it that, and will stay to listen, I will give you a glimpse of my dark, mysterious past." ("If I can only do it," she prayed, with her eyes on his pockets.)

"All right, go ahead," he said, inhaling a long-drawn puff. "It's sure to be interesting. I've never met one of your sort before."

"Really?" she seemed surprised. "Heaven knows we are a common enough variety—the market is drugged with us"—this last a little wistfully. "But I might say the same of you."

He blushed modestly.

"Oh, I am only seemingly *one* of my kind. There are plenty of others, cleverer at the business, by far, than I



AS MARCIA GRAY CREPT NOISELESSLY DOWN FROM THE THIRD FLAT OF BRANDONS' HOUSE VAN M'NAUGHTON TIP-TOED STEALTHILY UP FROM THE FIRST

am—I have had what you might call luck."

"Don't you—er—dislike it, sometimes?" asked Marcia, with frank curiosity.

"Well, rather," was the decided answer. "It's rotten, if I may say so!"

The girl nodded her head, approvingly.

"I am glad to hear you say that. To me, it seems dreadful—this prying upon other people—don't be offended—standing for, and working out a principle you *know* is wrong."

McNaughton looked at his companion, curiously.

"Then why do *you*—" he began, and stopped. "But that is not so always," he said. "Sometimes I am right, gloriously right. I gloat over the power of taking from some old miser that which he has gotten wrongfully. I do this, *I*! Again, there is the power to track a criminal—"

"Don't!" Marcia begged, with an appealing gesture. "Please, don't!"

Van's distress was genuine.

"Forgive me," he said, "do! I was not thinking what I said. (The poor little thing, she is evidently disgusted with her job, all right.) You were going to tell me something about yourself," he reminded her, "I am awfully anxious to hear it."

A clock sounded somewhere, striking twelve. The two eyed one another, apprehensively.

"I early developed signs of great genius," began Marcia, flippantly. "At the tender age of three, I read the Bible—"

"Macauley," interrupted Van, mildly.

"Played the Moonlight Sonata at eleven—"

"Blind Tom—" corrected Van, again.

"Oh, well, if you know all about it—"

"I don't—I was only verifying what you said. Later?"

A shadow crossed Marcia's face.

"Seriously?"

"Very seriously."

"Very well, I don't know why I should tell you, but I will."

"I don't know why I should want to hear, but I do."

"After my parents died, I was left to shift for myself, and fortunately, had a rather good drilling in this sort of thing," she waved her hand toward her black bag lying on a chair.

Van winced.

"I couldn't starve, could I?" she seemed to appeal to him.

"No," he admitted, heartily.

"So, no matter how much I hated the thing, I had to do it. See?"

He nodded.

"At first it was awful—going into strange houses, among people who didn't care a rap whether you lived or died—or if they did, would have voted the latter—bungling things in the beginning, perhaps, but sticking to it—then making bigger hauls—what is the matter? don't you like that vulgarism?—being somebody who was recognized for work well done, such as it is. Oh!" she sighed, "I suppose I can't complain. I've had the 'Bigs' and the 'Littles.'"

"The what?"

"The 'Bigs,' and 'Littles,' don't you know them? They are a disease."

"Never had them," Van said, positively.

Marcia smiled.

"Have you never walked down the steps in the morning, with the sickening feeling that you looked like a dried-up caterpillar, and just as small. When your chin seemed to bump against your boots at every step—making a wretched, lumpy bruise in your throat, so that it hurt to swallow—when everyone looked pale and gloomy and you felt as though some disaster hung over you?"

"Dear Lord, haven't I?" Van ejaculated, feelingly.

"That is the 'Littles'," announced Marcia, with professional decision. "The symptoms are more or less violent according to the temperament of the patient."

"And the 'Bigs'?"

A low, throaty laugh escaped her.

"And have you never walked down those same steps, when you could see the sun's glory reflected in everything around you—even the slimy sidewalk, on a rainy day? When your head held itself high and straight, when your heart and your lips *would* smile, when every one looked small, beside you, and

you felt it were an easy matter to carelessly flick the insulators on the telegraph poles, as you passed?"

"God, yes," the man breathed.

"That is the 'Bigs'," said Marcia, glowing with the picture she, herself, had conjured.

"How well you know life!" said McNaughton, bitterly

"I see all phases of it," answered the girl.

The quarter chimed

"But one good turn deserves another," she added, hastily. "Isn't it my turn to have a chapter or two?"

Carefully collecting their individual belongings, they made their way to the darkened dining room It was Marcia, this time, who found the light.

Van went to the buffet, extracting from it a bottle of famous claret, which he put on the table before his companion.

"Now for the pantry," he said.

"How well he knows the ropes," thought the girl, sadly, as she watched the broad shoulders disappear through the swinging door. And he seems so—he *is* so nice!"

She started to her feet. "Perhaps he will get out," she said.

"I EARLY DEVELOPED SIGNS OF GREAT GENIUS"

"I am thirty, in my stocking feet," began the man, mocking her tone of flippancy, then broke off abruptly. "Oh, come," he said, "you don't want to hear about *me*. Let's forage around, and find something to eat."

The suggestion was most acceptable to Marcia, though its boldness repelled her. She had eaten nothing since her lunch.

Pushing back the door, she came upon him vainly trying to get rid of something in his mouth. In his hand was a tell-tale drum-stick.

"Shame," she jeered, relieved at finding him there, "You're cheating!"

"To the victim belongs what is spoilt," he returned, swallowing the offensive meat, with a wry face. "These people who are fond of *high*

game, are too much for me. This partridge has been in cold storage since the stone age, by the taste of it, and that is giving it the benefit of the doubt."

Marcia laughed. "That's uncommonly gallant of you in case it was a lady. I knew a man, once, who said he got married to be emancipated from drum sticks. He had seven older sisters, you see, and was always helped last. They say he has become a terrible epicure in his own home now."

"I would commit murder," growled McNaughton, "to be emancipated from anything like *that!* Here, you take this cake in there, and sit down. I'll find you something—I am more accustomed to these premises than you are"

"The boldness of that!" Marcia gasped.

In the dim light of the pantry her face looked suddenly drawn and white to Van.

"Poor kid, she's tired," he thought. "I'll see if I can't let her down easy."

"Look here, little girl," he said, with a warmth quite unwarrantable to the occasion. "I want to do something to help you. Will you let me?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"You? Why, how can *you* help *me*? I was wondering, if in some small way, I might not be able to give you a hint or two, which might be of service to you." She said these words with no clearly defined idea, herself—only a desire to do something.

Van took her hand and patted it as one would a child's—soothingly.

"You are an awfully good sort," he said. "I'm more pleased than I can say that you have given me so much of your confidence."

The half hour chimed

As Marcia passed again into the dining room, her sharp ear detected the sound of a latch-key being fitted in the front door.

Her heart leaped in her throat. It was too late—they were home! Noiselessly she ran into the hall.

"Dolly," she whispered, "don't scream! There's a gentleman highwayman in your pantry—s-s-s-h—I've kept him here—but, oh, Dolly, he's so nice, and—where is Arthur—in the garage? *Don't* let him give the alarm!"

At the time of this whispered conversation, the back door opened, and Arthur Brandon stood in the hallway leading into the pantry

"SHAME," SHE JEERED, RELIEVED AT FINDING HIM THERE. "YOU'RE CHEATING"

Van turned quickly. "Don't make a sound, old man," he said, grasping the other's arm. "I've bagged a little safe-cracker in your absence. But hang me if she's not a good sort. Say we let her down easy, eh, Brandy?"

Marcia led Dolly to the door of the dining room; as they reached it, the green baize swung open, and the two men stood facing them.

"Where is he?" from Mrs. Brandon.

"Where is she?" from Arthur.

"There!" chorused two other voices, unenthusiastic—uncertain.

Peal after peal of laughter followed this announcement. Arthur and Dolly seemed suddenly to have gone mad

"Oh, this is too good," they shrieked, "too, *too* awfully good!"

"Miss Marcia Gray, allow me to present my husband's very good friend, Mr. Van Tyne McNaughton — State's Attorney," and Dolly vulgarly doubled up on the table, shrieking again.

Although a great wave of relief passed over Van, he was not willing to let matters rest without giving at least one reason upon which he based his circumstantial evidence.

Crossing the room to where Marcia stood, he asked very earnestly, "What have you in that bag?"

"Papers," she answered, simply, "letters, papers, cards, invitations, forms of congratulation, condolence, acceptance and regret. I am a Social Secretary, and am at present staying with Mrs. Carrol Hughson. Her machine got out of order, so I ran over here to Arthur's study to type some letters, which must go out to-morrow What have you in your pockets?" she asked, raising her solemn eyes to his.

"These," answered Van, pulling two oblong packages out and laying them on the table, "these are two cylinders for Arthur's boy. He has a gramophone, and whenever I come to town I always bring him some harmless, quiet plaything. That is why I am so popular with him." He smiled at Mrs. Brandon. "And here's your key, Brandy—I am sure to get it mixed with mine."

Dolly and her husband managed to control their merriment long enough to gather the import of this short but salient by-play.

Arthur caught his wife's glance and closed his left eye slowly and intelligently.

"If you are going back to Mrs. Hughson's to-night, I had better go with you," Van announced, with an air of proprietorship which Marcia did not seem to resent

"And see that she doesn't purloin your watch and chain," added Dolly, wickedly, as she closed the door after them.

"Does your distinguished patroness receive on Thursday?" asked McNaughton, bending slightly to catch Marcia's answer.

"Why, yes," she laughed.

"And do callers see the Social Secretary also?" Van asked again.

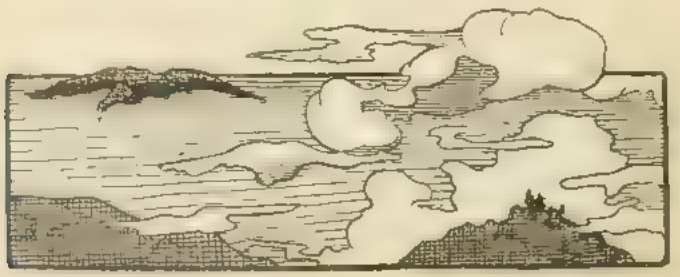
"If they like," was the shy answer.

"By jove, I feel them coming on," cried Van, in mock despair. "An awful case."

"What?" asked Marcia.

Making a pass at an imaginary object high in the air, Van answered:

"The 'Bigs'—little girl—the 'Bigs'!"



THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc

CHAPTER III.

NATIVE DAYS IN CANADA WEST

AS RUMORS began to thicken in regard to the possibility of settlements on these western plains, the old plan of the Canadian Pacific Railway was to pass west up the Q'Appelle Valley, along the ancient trail of the Red River carts, making old Fort Q'Appelle, ancient seat of the Hudson's Bay Company, and from time immemorial the central capital of all these wide plains, the new capital of all the province later to be known as Saskatchewan. The exact location of the route, as it was later determined, was a matter of no special importance. The great fact was the conviction that here was a country at least worth crossing if not worth settling.

Opportunity means colonization; and colonization usually means the individual colonizer—the colony built for personal gain alone. Some such sort of beginning seems inevitably necessary for any colonizing nation. The individual starts; the nation follows. The national spirit behind the Canadian Pacific Railway was perhaps as much military as industrial; but this fact as well in time lost all significance. Crowding individual enterprises soon made the Canadian Pacific Railway a purely industrial and commercial highway. For the purpose in hand, however, this great highway serves us as an easy path back to early history, its locations leading the student into much that is wholly typical of Western Canada in the days before the white man came.

North of the Q'Appelle Valley of Saskatchewan, well toward its head, there thrusts up out of the level plain a considerable elevation or series of bold highlands, known as the Last Mountain. East of this long range, whose greater axis runs north and south, the plains again roll out, flattening into the level prairies. West of the mountain, and parallelling rudely its greater axis, runs a long narrow lake now known as Last Mountain Lake, once called by the Indians "Long-Lake-where-the-fork-is." One of the most beautiful and typical panoramas of mountain, hill and lake, of plain and stream and broken ground to be found in Western Canada lies here. It has always been prominent in Canadian history.

The River Q'Appelle itself was a stream of mystery in the aboriginal mind, as its very name indicates. The French name only translates the old Indian title. It was always the "River-which-calls"—probably named from the noises made by the gorged ice sometimes piled up in the narrow lakes which mark parts of the stream.

The Indians also ascribed strange qualities to the mountain which lies above the head of this valley. To them the Last Mountain was the home of mysterious and generally evil-minded spirits. The American tribes would never have anything to do with the Yellowstone Park, and for some similar reason the Canadian Indians looked askance at Last Mountain.

Many strange things happened there. The Indian mind finds supernatural explanations for natural phenomena; and when a country grows too strange for the Indian to comprehend, he marks it off his map as being the home of spirits and not fit for human occupancy. The Indian paradise, or heaven, full of buffalo and sweet water and good fuel, was traditionally located somewhere near the head of the Q'Appelle Valley. The Indian hades, place of malicious spirits, also was assigned to these high, rolling, round-topped hills which swell up into Last Mountain range. There was fuel here, and plenty of game. Thinking this region especially suited for purposes of an Indian reservation, the Dominion Government once set it aside as an Indian reserve, but the tribesmen respectfully declined to have anything to do with it, would not live there or even hunt there. They have to this day traditions of a volcanic outbreak or "hot rain," which long ago destroyed a whole village there—a curious story, which must have had some original basis in an unusual phenomenon of nature, which however was so recent as to remain still in the memory or hearsay belief of tribesmen living to-day.

In this neighborhood lay the best of the old northern buffalo range, and hither headed the annual pilgrimage of the half-breeds from the East, bound for a country where they could most easily or surely get their meat. It was not far from here that the last buffalo hunt was made, from which the breeds came back with a few poor hides, saying with sorrow on their faces, "These are the last"; and so set themselves to face another era of the world. Tribes from south of the line sometimes also came to hunt in this region, just as American farmers now come there to farm.

A curious interest has always attached to the country in the minds of its parti-colored population. The central hills make a distinct sort of range, swelling up in a series of rounded eminences, among which, hundreds of feet above the level of the plains, wind scores of little lakes like highland tarns. From these summits, looking to the west across the thin silver line of the long lake, one may see yet another proof of a strange origin in the configuration of the country—the crests of strange kopjes, or butte-like mounds thrusting up above the plains seventy-five miles distant to the westward. Here in ancient days flashed the signal fires of the tribesmen in their times of war or hunting. These peaks and buttes, which lie not far from a little railroad town to-day, were used by the half-breeds as signaling points in the Riel rebellion. They might so be used to-day; although now the fires would flash across a country strangely and irrevocably changed. As this shifting central picture has changed, so has all Western Canada swiftly changed, passing from old ways to new.

CHAPTER IV

CATTLE DAYS IN CANADA WEST

A COUNTRY does not soon pass from nomad to agricultural. Red nomads are supplanted first by white nomads, almost or quite as savage as their predecessors. The first settlers take with them but few ploughs. The old Hudson's Bay post asked no more than a post garden. The American frontiersman wanted only a little patch of corn. Herds and flocks are the first concern of the west-bound on the American continent. The cow man has always been the first citizen after the hunter, the trader and the frontiersman

In this way the Canadian cow man was as stubborn and as cunning as the Hudson's Bay Company itself. The cow man wants range. He detests fences. He cannot afford to run cattle over ground that will raise anything but grass; so, loudly and stoutly and continuously the cow man declared that this country of Western Canada would raise nothing but grass! The early ranchers who moved in their spotted buffalo through the McDonald Hills, the Touchwood Hills, the Last Mountain ranges, over all the breaks and coulees and flat levels on both sides of the Q'Appelle Valley—all over Saskatchewan and Alberta, indeed—did not want anyone to believe that the soil

would raise anything but grass. The fiction of an icy and inhospitable North, incapable of supporting a population, was stoutly fostered and furthered by the hardy cattle men who first took over the country after the red hunters had left it.

Cattle days in Canada were but little in advance of trading and hunting days. Not even the round-up was a thing of system at first. The cow man could not accurately estimate his herd. Fences he had none. Commonly his house was a hovel, digged into the side of a hill, or perhaps more ambitiously constructed of poles and mud. It was long before the average cow man reached the dignity of stone or sawn boards. By that time he was a baron, able the more strongly to dispute the claims of men practicing the religion of the plough. Such as he was, however, early or late, savage or semi-savage, he filled all the wide ranges of Saskatchewan, as once he filled the trans-Missouri in the American Republic. This cow man was the second, but not the last white man to come. His cattle vanished in part when the clack of the self-binder began in wide fields of yellow grain, which grew where grass had been.

Recently much of west Saskatchewan was, for the purposes of careful study, visited by the writer, in the course of a journey some hundreds of miles in extent. It was a pleasant experience in a pleasant land. There lay the earth, in some part still free and unsubdued. There was the old familiar sweep of the plains and the sky, the expanses of open waters, the beauties of the hills—all the spell of wild lands not yet trammeled by civilization. We saw the native grasses which the buffalo once cropped, not yet replaced by those which follow the white man westward. Here were the shrubs and flowers, the nodding plumes of the prairies, dotting the wide carpet of the grasses; and across these, meeting no obstruction, wound here and there the vague trails of the prairie, showing the wandering imprint of uncharted vehicles; new trails and quite apart from the deep-set grooves of the old Red River carts, which made almost a half-continental road.

Dearest of all prairie pictures, one might see here again, and almost for the last time in America, that old picture of the "main-travelled road," winding here and there along the easiest grades, type of human life itself, seeking the line of least resistance, self-reliant, finding its own way, depending on itself; and so alluring, inviting on and on to where it vanished on the crest of some distant ridge; leading beyond, one might not doubt, to sown fields and a home, and content and happiness. Who does not love the main-travelled road of the prairies, which just links him loosely to the truth that he is white and civilized, yet does not free him from the thought that he is savage, that he is at the beginning of all things, that all the earth and all of life are before him!

Sometimes our road lay in the Valley of the Q'Appelle, sometimes at the rim of the prairie levels above it. Often it seemed that the white man had not yet come to any of this country. Now and again we saw groups of the Indian tepees, no longer made of hides, but still framed on the old tribal lines, although now their cover is of canvas. These aboriginal abodes were grouped as of yore, at the mouths of the coulees leading down from the flats into the wide valley. In the old days these camps were established at places where the buffalo were forced to drink. One might almost expect the red men even now to send out their scouts to the tops of the bluffs, to spy out whether there might not be a herd of buffalo coming down the coulee to the main valley. It might have been the old tribal life itself we saw sometimes from the high edges of the valley—groups of the conical tepees, smoke atop, seen through a distance mellowed by sudden Scotch mists or swift downpouring slants of rain.

But as we rode along the rim of the valley, passing to the westward, now and again we saw smoke, now and again saw some dot or speck upon the face of the wide sweeping plains. Again they clustered strongly, these

habitations of civilized men, farmers, not cattle drovers nor hunters nor adventurers. That black strip across the landscape—it was not the shadow of a passing cloud, but the record of a plough! These yellow gray bands were the fields of stubble already reaped. These other bands of green, of pale yellow, of deep bright yellow—they were the fields of wheat, among which the binders were yet to do their work! The centuries-old soil was finding its first upturned exposure to the sun. Surely the plough had come! There is no more thrilling experience than this, of seeing the ancient wilderness just passing into the first loose fingers of civilized man's occupation.

Here was the wheat, crowding up to the trail, high as the wagon seat as we drove through. At the edge of a grumbling cow man's unowned but long occupied range, we reached down and plucked off ripe wheat in handsful, crumpling out into the palm the full ears of triple-rowed kernels, magnificent grain, the food which the world must have—that grain upon which the whole civilization of the earth seems so strangely to depend; for, when the wheat has come, civilization has taken hold of the land, never again to loose its grasp. One who loves the open air and the wild world cannot suppress a sigh of regret at first thought of the passing plains, at the thought of the dead romance of the rancher; but, none the less, there must come the soberer thought that the wildernesses of this world, as well as the scant fields of the older world, belong to the world and the world's peoples.

In the heart of Saskatchewan one now is never out of touch with the settlements; the traveller *au large* on wheels of his own, camps now and then at the half savage dwelling of some irascible cow man, oftener at the more comfortable abode of some wheat-raising farmer; and at times he sees, miles distant on the horizon, the gaunt arms of a great windmill, supplying a railway tank. Now and again he catches view of a roll of smoke passing, or hears the rumbling signals of a railway train. Parallelling, if not following the old trails, here is the railway, path of the new, permanent trail of the man with the plough, who has wiped out all the paths worn in the soil by the wild or tame herds of days now gone by.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE NEW FRONTIER

EXTENDED personal inquiry in West Saskatchewan in the course of a long journey failed to discover one farmer who was homesick or discontented, or who declared that he was going back to Old England or to the States. Without exception they declared that they were not only contented, but prosperous. In most cases their one or two crops had given them their lands and their first farmstead buildings of rude comfort, at least, fully paid for; *and this land was their own.* No basement life for these settlers, nor for their children, nor their children's children; no rack rents, no struggle with a worn, exhausted soil; no cap-touching to a so-called superior class. Here was a different field for humanity. Is there any difficulty in predicting the difference between the product of such fields and those of the "pent and huddled East"?

Some of this land has been taken under the homestead laws, but much of it has been bought of earlier holders. In scarcely a farm was all the land as yet broken up and so made ready for the wheat; but always now we saw the broad strips of the dark soil, and the wide patches of the yellow wheat upon the landscape.

It was a fascinating sight, this middle land between the old and the new. Most fascinating of all was the air of hope and confidence. Something set the blood tingling in the veins. No one here spoke of despair or discouragement. These men made no repining at their lot as frontier farmers. Their sole and engrossing concern was the question of means of getting out their wheat to the markets—for even in Western Canada farming has run in advance of transportation.

In the marshes which drained into the head of the lakes we saw everywhere uncounted thousands of wild fowl. The Dominion Government

wisely has established many game reserves, so that to some extent, at least, the ancient breeding grounds will be preserved—a policy the United States ought to have pursued, but did not. Every care has been taken to conserve this delectable country as a home desirable for red-blooded men and women. Most of the farmers at the time of this particular journey were too busy with their harvesting to pay much attention to sport, but when the necessary work is done, any man hereabout has ready access to countless swarms of wild geese, sand-hill cranes, many species of wild ducks. The wheat lands run up to the edges of long winding marshes, and as is the case in all the northern portions of the United States, the wild fowl readily adjust themselves to the early stages of civilization, the wheat stubble furnishing the best shooting grounds for geese and cranes. Such conditions make strong appeal to sport-loving farmers fresh from Old England.

In such regions as this, one still travels as one likes across country, paying no attention to roads; although now and again one comes upon roads rudely ploughed along the section lines, in some cases, near the railroads, fairly well worked. The time of the "main travelled road" is passing rapidly, even in Canada. Soon the fences will come along the highways, and all travel will follow the lines bounding artificial rectangles. Exulting in our liberty, for the most part our party continued to travel direct toward a destination. We still held to the prairies; and still on every side of us was wheat, wheat, wheat.

It is thus, in actual contact with the conditions which the colonist must meet, that one arrives most naturally at the ever vital question of *who and what that colonist must be*. Some of our party were Englishmen, and of these one declared his vast surprise that Canada seemed to value an Englishman no more than an American, perhaps not so much! In his belief this ought not to be. At him scoffed yet another of the party, an Englishman born of good family, but for twenty years a Western Canadian farmer. This latter man had been transplanted, had taken root, had flourished in the new environment.

"Why should we do more for an Englishman than for an American?" asked he. "We want farmers who can farm. We need men who can live this frontier life. Why should we favor England if England does not deserve it? We will take you on if you can work, and will pay you for what you actually can do. Why should we pay you for what you cannot do? Why should we not pay better the man who can do more than yourself?"

That is hard doctrine for the new-come Englishman to face, who still feels the homesick pull of the old country at his heart strings. Yet it is doctrine which any man must be prepared to face in any country where everything is new. The frontier knows no flag. It is man for man, and all against the war-front of nature. It is best for any new settler to know this truth in advance. Here then, in these undenied facts, rest the full question and answer of Canadian colonization.

Clean and sane colonization requires and demands that there shall be opportunity, but insists that the intending colonist shall be fit and prepared to avail himself of fair opportunity when offered. This preparation has in the nature of things often been impossible for the new-come Englishman—of course far more often impossible for the English city dweller than for the English farmer. Neither can in reason be expected to know the requirements of the Canadian West. The frontier asks for trained men, skilled men, strong and steady of purpose, ready to adapt themselves to new surroundings, able to endure the deprivations and hardships which for a time are necessary on any frontier. Viewed from one angle, at least, it certainly is this sort of a colonist who is needed to change the wilderness into a farm.

What could the men and women of the huddled Old World cities do for themselves if transplanted to a land like this? Experience already answers that. Farming itself is a profession, and it must be learned. Many fail at it. No work is harder or more constant

than that of farming, even in the richest of countries. There is no royal road to success in raising wheat or any other product of the farm. It means work. It costs courage. It requires brains. It demands experience. Western Canada's farms show that the game can be won; but it has only been won at the cost of skill, courage, experience, by means of stark physical hardihood, well-applied knowledge, steady purpose. What would be the fate of the weakened city dweller, fresh from the slums and without preparation, set down in such surroundings, necessarily unskilled in this manner of labor, ignorant of the use of machinery, ignorant of everything, and not yet even physically strong? How can one of the very poor make a living, even if he be given a "start," in a new country such as this? Such a man would miss, first of all, the companionable dirt and grind and hurry of the city which bore him. Worn down by the meagreness, the solitariness, the continual stress, awed by the continual menace of an affronted nature, would he despair, would he grow sick at heart, and so curse God and die? That question is the gravest asked of any land to-day. In time it must be answered—answered by Canada *and* England; assuredly not by England alone.

Hasty experiment of English colonization in Canada has been undertaken in many instances. Many years ago, for one instance, there was located in southern Saskatchewan a colony of typical Londoners, Whitechapel "bird catchers," as they were called, waifs of the London tenement district. These people knew nothing whatever of farming. They did not know how or where to begin. The newness of all their surroundings seemed to work upon them some appalling apathy. They huddled up about the hearths of their wastrel homesteads, and when winter came, they starved, froze and died. None knew the use of weapons. Each needed to be taught how to handle a horse. All was hard, helpless, difficult, useless.

Some of them won through, and, Canadians now, are prosperous and contented citizens. But Canada owes no duty to England which forces her to take such citizens. Not even philanthropy owes a duty to humanity which implies the handling of the very poor in a way like that, so far removed from mere intelligence. Hard indeed is the answer to this problem of the poor, who need opportunity, *but cannot use it!*

Ah, then our story ends here? The failure of such altruism is foregone? Not in the least! The story of true colonization but begins where this conclusion is written by despair.

It is true that Canada owes nothing to England which obliges her to prefer such citizens to others offered ready at hand, bred and trained in the problems of the frontier. But both Canada and England, and the United States as well, owe it as one of the correctives of civilization that Western Canada shall take at least the potentially efficient poor and plant them and nurture them *intelligently*, giving their wasted tendrils holding-place on some manner of support, stage by stage, in Europe or on the American continent—gradually advancing in fitness; until at last the sun and the sky and the soil of this or some other land, east or west of the Atlantic, shall make these tendrils full and strong; until the human plant, transplanted, shall take root, and so offer proof of the virtue of good environment in the production of a human being better and more useful to the world. The *human plant*—that is the question! Not politics, not sentiment, not any foolish talk of empire, or worse than foolish talk of preferring an Englishman to any other man, is what England and Canada alike need to-day to consider.

It is no time for England vaguely to talk of empire as empire. That is not enough. Science, not politics, should govern now. Her greatest concern should be over the *average of her humanity*. No country is stronger than the *average* of its population. Let England take care of her men and women, and her empire will take care of itself. Let her fail to do so, and there can be no ruler, and no system of government, which can assure empire to her flag.

The growth of the House of Commons of England has been steady, generation after generation. As the ages pass, there waxes ever the demand of the *average man*. In time comes the demand that this *average man* must be better and stronger; that there shall not exist extremes too wide between master and slave, between effetely affluent and abjectly poor. This is true for England. It is true for all the world

"In the shadow of cathedrals, crowned by centuries of story, beneath the very arches of castellated ruin by the Rhine, see the unlettered peasant plowing with the family cow. To such a man, what avail the centuries? How much of life from that old cathedral gilds his toil? Upon his sorrow-dimmed vision what romantic spectacle arises, as round the castle walls in penury he stumbles during the slow-grinding years of human toil? Let us rejoice that fifty years have placed here, under these skies, more happy, simple homes that can be found in any equal area in all the ancient world!" Thus another phrases it. Can you not see his pictures?

Old lands have poor and rich. But what is their *average*? Why feel pride in England's wealth? What is her *average* well-being? My arm is no stronger for the exercise you give to *yours;* my pocket is no richer for the fact that *yours* is full; my happiness does not consist in seeing *your* castle of content. But give me work, give me money I have earned, give me castle of my own that I have earned and may hold—ah, then you make me Saxon, Englishman, American, Canadian. *Best of all, you make me man!*

This is no specific criticism, and we deal here with no specific problem. Such matters are not for England alone. Young as is the United States, the progressive President of that Republic has but this year appointed a commission to look into the very questions now soberly agitating Canada and England. He asks this commission to learn what can best be done to get men out from the cities and on the farms; knowing that that is the next great step in the prosperity and wealth-making of that Republic, as indeed it is of the entire world to-day. Give me castle of my own! That is the Saxon demand. Make me a man! That is to say, give me the chance to make of myself a man!

CHAPTER VI.

OVER SEAS

THE successes of England are those of heredity; but, unless all science be wrong, success of heredity cannot always endure when environment lacks The greatest of gardeners knows when to transplant. The success of England and of her great men has long been a success up-hill, done in spite of all. So great is England's mighty past, so imperative is her demand upon her sons that they shall rival the deeds of that past, that always great men have grown there, in stature springing to the very glass of their hothouse covering. She has sent many great men abroad. For centuries England has been great in her colonies, great in men who have carried with them the seed of deeds, that yet greater deeds might arise.

England's island horizon inexorably marks delimitation for her ambition. Great men grow there; but that is beside the question. The real question is: What would proper transplanting do for the middle-class or lower-class Englishman? The argument is not upon England's government, not upon her royalty, her House of Lords, her nobility, even her House of Commons. It has to do with the yet larger question *of average* English men and women. The ultimate price of any nation must be in the strength and splendour of its *average* self-reliant man. The glory of a bejeweled crown is nothing to him who starves. The splendour of My Lord's achievement in the forum is naught to her who brings imbeciles into the world

These truths exist as much for any land as for England, and the swift fashion of these days brings them home now with startling vividness to every nation of the world. Human unrest was never greater. The call of the new lands, where the stress of extremes is not yet so great—that is the sole voice of hope for the over-crowded world to-day. In

the wilderness thus far has lain our salvation.

Had there been no American colonies, no transplanting of Englishmen and others to rich new lands offered free by nature, what would be the story of Europe to-day? In the stern fashion of nature, famine and pestilence and ruin would have cleared yonder hot-house long ago. Europe would now have the ways of China. England, plus Canada,—the Old World plus the United States and other new countries, have offered their wider total for the world's development, and proved that all the world's surface was meant for occupancy. They have proved also that the world's good is the good of the *average* man; that the world's governments in time must always adjust themselves to these facts as they arise from varying environments of man. Monarchies for the mixed peoples of the hot-house, self-rule for the self-selected strong of the new countries—no king seems to have been quite able to evade this rule. It works itself out slowly. The greatest king of the earth to-day takes in it the greatest pride. No colonizing nation need to fear it, but rather should find comfort in it.

What the Canadian Government may be a hundred years hence is of no consequence. Whatever it shall be, it will be the proper one, because Canada will have been the growing ground of a strong and virile breed of men, fit to be governed and fit to govern. It is enough to let the years alone. Whether or not a new nation shall have arisen, a new *people* will inexorably and inevitably have arisen. In spite of little theories, in spite of selfish and narrow plans, the world will have advanced a stage in its developments.

That is not to say that we are to sit idly by and watch these matters happen. Each people may be and must be to some extent master of its own destiny. Each nation therefore needs practical idealists, men who have the constructive imagination. All the better if these men of grasp and vision be found in governmental circles. It is not sufficient to reason abstractly, composedly, complacently, thus or so about colonization. The thing is to *do* colonization—to forecast the people's future, and to make plans for it.

(To be continued.)

DAWN

BY ARTHUR M. DICKENSON

To wake quietly from slumbers of the night,
To gaze upon the East and find it light,
To watch the blushing rose with fragrance rare, each dewy petal open to the air,
To see the placid lake awake from rest and sparkling wavelets ripple on its breast,
To note the quivering aspen but now green, tremble and sigh and show a silvery sheen,
Then to arise with God's great mercy blest, long day has come—past is the hour of rest.

THE HORSE THIEVES

BY J. J. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY VA-TIER I BARNES

I.

AS a gang they were known as the Big Four, amongst the farmers of Dakota and ranchers of Montana. As individuals they went under the cognomens of Walleyed Johnson, Reddy McLeod, Budd McGill and Pinto Smith. Their principal occupation was rustling stock with the cheek of the proverbial canal horse. Both States had offered large rewards for their capture, but as yet no one had come forward to claim the long green, although it was the means of checking their depredations, and caused them to come to the conclusion that Canadian territory would be more safely worked than the American side.

"Therefore, be it resolved," said Walleyed, who was the acknowledged leader of the gang, "that Reddy cross the line, get work on one of them big farms—there's any God's amount of them over there—find out what he can, how many horses they keep, and what they're worth, where the hired help sleep and all sich statistics. The rest of us 'll come later, clean out the whole stable, and then back to Uncle."

Fairview Farm was chosen, and a rendezvous appointed for Reddy to meet the others in a couple of weeks when they would form a plan of action.

Reddy had no difficulty in obtaining the desired employment. Men are scarce in the Canadian West, and the large farmers, although paying two dollars and fifty cents per day and board, are never able to keep a full complement of men, for a great many, as soon as they earn enough, hit the trail for parts where homesteads can be obtained and start on their own hook.

Nobody around the farm saw anything noticeable about Reddy except a disinclination to work, and, when he asked for his time, the manager handed him a cheque, bade him good-bye, and the incident closed.

"Well, what's the chances?" asked Walleyed, when Reddy joined the others

"Well," drawled Reddy, "it's easy, yet it ain't. They's about seventy horses and twenty mules, and say!—the head push has a team of bloods that will sell away up in Helena or Butte. The hired help sleep in a bunk-house a hundred yards away; the boss goes through the stables about eleven o'clock and then no one goes near till the alarm goes off at five."

"But say," continued Reddy, "I don't like them damn Mounted Police. They're goin' all the time. Y' can't turn around but y'see them comin' on the trail. They have a system, patrol they call it; a police goes around to all the farmers and gets them to sign a paper, and lay any complaints they have, and any suspicious character is picked up and made to give an account of hisself. Why, I never saw a hobo all the time I was there—they don't harbor such cattle. And, the worst of it is, the police is scattered all over the country, from the boundary clean up to Hudson Bay. A ex-police worked on the farm with me and told me all about it. He says it's the hardest place in the world to break the law and escape, for they're given a long course of trainin' before they let them out on detachment, and, if they don't perform their duty, they get a term in the guard-house and are fined. If one of 'em refuses to tackle a tough joint or is afeared to face powder, the other

guys on the force jolly 'em so's life ain't worth livin'.

"We ain't running up agin a marshal and posse when we butt up agin 'em, but agin a whole army of trained soldiers."

"Say, kid," exclaimed the leader, impatiently; "drop that whine fer God's sake. Y' make me tired. Why, them damn red-coats is only a few kids, fed and kep' clothed in shinin' rags, so's the people won't fergit Eddie's King."

"Oh, I'm game if the rest be," interposed Reddy. "When will we act?"

"To-night's as good as any," said Pinto, "fer we won't hev t' muffle their feet if the help sleep a hundred yards away."

II

Inspector Jarvis looked up from the telegram he was reading, and said to the orderly: "Tell Sergeant Hynds I wish to speak with him."

When the Sergeant entered the office, the Inspector, who was walking up and down with the telegram in his hand, turned and, facing the Sergeant, said: "A gang of horse-thieves have made a raid at the Fairview Farm, five miles south of W——. Just received a wire from headquarters to send men in pursuit, and to bring them straight to headquarters, and, if possible, without bloodshed. You had better take Driscoll and Greenley, and proceed in a southwesterly direction, and head them off, as they are making for the boundary. Round them up as soon as possible, Hynds, and teach them they're in Canada."

A few minutes later the Sergeant and the two constables rode out of town, and took the trail in the direction of Wood Mountain.

That night they put up at the house of a rancher, and the following morning, after a brisk trot of ten miles, obtained the first information concerning their quarry.

A cowboy, looking for strays, had seen and talked to four men driving a band of horses and mules south. The description of them was anything but flattering: "The toughest-looking proposition I've seen this side the Cannibal Islands," said the cow-puncher. "Armed to the teeth. They're Americans, for they'd never get naturalization papers this side the international fence, unless they'd change their physiogs."

"A nice outfit to bump up against," said Driscoll, "and four of them to only three of us."

"Well, gintlemen," said the Sergeant, "I'd as lief bump up against them with two good men as a rigiment of poor ones. When y've served yer country as long as I have, y'll understand the craythurs better. A horse-thief is always a coward at heart, if ye could call that ossified organ be that name. Y' see a smart man don't have to steal horses and a brave man won't, so y' see the character iv the men y' have t' dale with in a nutshell. I remember wance, when I was stationed at Fort Walsh —"

"Hello!" interrupted Greenley; "what's that ahead?"

"It's our friends the rustlers," said the Sergeant, after leveling the glasses in that direction.

The police had got within a mile of their men before the fugitives noticed them.

In a second all was activity.

When the police had ridden within five hundred yards, the rustlers sent a bullet amongst them.

"Dismount, men," called out the Sergeant. "No, no, don't do that," ordered the old officer, as Driscoll brought his rifle to position. "The O.C. says to bring them in with their lungs full of good fresh air, and it would be a pity to waste ammunition on such quarry."

The police often wear a blue reefer over the tunic when going a long distance, and, as the Sergeant was leaving the barracks, he placed two revolvers—32-calibre, of the bulldog type—one in each side pocket of the reefer, besides buckling on the regulation Colts in a scabbard, attached to his cartridge belt.

"Now, gintlemen," said the officer to his men, "when they move on, we follow; as they see there are only three of us, they'll get careless, and when they stop to feed, I'll ride forward and interview them."

It was as the Sergeant had said. In two hours the rustlers were pushing the band along as leisurely as though a red-

Drawn by Va-Tver L. Barnes

"GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT HERE TO TRIPLE," HE SAID

coat weren't within a hundred miles of them. At noon they dismounted and started to prepare dinner, with only a casual glance in the direction of the police.

"Now, gintlemen," said Hynds, "you dismount and I'll ride up and interview our friends, and don't come up until you hear a shot, then come as if the divil himself was after ye."

When the Sergeant rode up, the quartette drew their guns, but he paid no attention to their action.

When within twenty yards he dismounted, dropped the reins in front of his horse, unbuckled his cartridge belt to which were attached his side-arms—to show that his intentions were not hostile; then he sauntered forward and joined the group.

The thieves, seeing him unarmed, replaced their guns and sprawled around on the grass.

"Good-day, soldier," said Pinto, "lookin' fer horses?"

"Yes; looking for horses and men, too," replied the Sergeant. "Now, gintlemen," he continued, "I'm a man of few words, and my errand here is t' ask y' to surrender peaceably. I'll guarantee ye a fair trial before an honorable judge, and your term will, no doubt, be lighter than if we hev t' take ye by force. And take ye I will, fer I'll folly ye through the Bad Lands, and bring the whole British Army, if necessary, t' arrest ye. Ye've committed a crime on Canadian soil and, therefore, must be punished."

"Well, soldier," said Budd, with an indulgent grin, "y'd make a first-class missionary if yer nose wasn't so red. I believe y've missed yer callin'."

"This is no joking matter, gintlemen. I mean business, and ask ye to surrender."

"I'm afeared we'll hev t' ask t' be excused t'-day," said one, amidst the laughter of the rest, "our time is limited, y' know. We hev only a short time in which t' dispose of our animals and get back fer more. Harvest will soon be here, and the market reports say a scarcity of horses amongst the grain-growers of Dakota."

"Gintlemen, I'm not here to trifle," said the Celt, angrily.

While he kept up the confab, he kept stepping impatiently around, and holding his gloves in one hand, while he abstractedly smoothed them with the other.

Finally, he rolled each glove up as he harangued, then, in an absent-minded manner placed one in each side pocket of his reefer.

In an instant his hands closed on the two pistols. Drawing them out like a flash he covered the quartette, who were sprawling on the ground around the fire, utterly unprepared for hostilities.

"The first man that moves a muscle, I'll fill him so full of holes the undertaker 'll think he's burying a cullender. Roll over on yer backs, and place yer hands above yer heads. Don't try that, my hearty," snapped the officer, as Pinto made a move towards his gun; "these hair-springs have a nasty way of goin' off accidentally, sometimes, and y' may get hurt."

When his captives were in a satisfactory position, the old officer raised one of his guns a trifle and fired. "Don't get alarmed, me friends," he said, when they started at the report. "I'm just practising. Ye should see me when I'm at the real thing; then I shine like a crimson-beaked missionary."

The two police came up at a gallop when they heard the signal.

"Dismount, men," ordered the Sergeant, "and remove the ornaments and bric-a-brac from their clothes, while I keep them in the hypnotic state."

When the thieves had been duly searched, the officer said, with a sarcastic smile hovering around his sunburned visage: "They're great friends, therefore it would be a pity to separate them. So we'll bind them together with chains of love, and give each a friendship bracelet."

"You ride over to the Mission, Greenley," he continued, "and tell them we want a team, wagon and driver; also a couple of breeds to help drive these horses in. You, Driscoll, can help the breeds push the horses along. Greenley and I will ride on either side of the wagon and guard the prisoners."

WESTWARD BOUND IN '79

BY FANNIE CLARK CLENCH

PART TWO

WE ARRIVED in Cypress on Wednesday, and as our horses were rather thin, decided to stop there for a while to rest and recruit. The following Sunday we attended church parade at the fort, at which the police made a very dashing appearance in their bright uniforms. While there our young people were invited to the wedding of a Miss Graham, which was followed by a grand banquet given by the police. Those who went enjoyed themselves very much, but again I was too young to go.

Our week at Cypress passed all too quickly, but as far as the actual gain to the horses was concerned, it would have been better had we gone on, for one of them got so badly mired that he was all under except his head and back, and we could get no grain for them. They were no better than when we stopped. As it was getting late in the season, some of the party decided to stay there for the winter rather than venture on. Father determined to keep on, but to put the four horses on one wagon and leave the other there with a young man of the party who agreed to sell it for him. We were forced to leave a lot of the contents of the wagon also, books, carpets and other things which we were assured would be safely kept. But in that bookless country the temptation to read and lend was too great to be resisted, and when later we called for them the entire collection had vanished. Also had vanished the young man, and with him the wagon which we afterwards heard he had sold for forty dollars.

Soon we were under way again, over hills and through hollows. Cypress is prettily situated, but the country around is very rough, heavily timbered in many places with spruce. We went down one hill almost perpendicular, where a half-breed boy had started down on a gallop, but the cart, horse and boy came to the bottom in sad plight, the cart smashed, the pony and the boy both killed. We went down with all our wheels locked, and even then we were glad to get safely to the bottom. Then up the other side of the ravine where the road wound along the side and then out on to the level plain.

We were warned at Cypress of the scarcity of water along the trail, and advised to fill up everything at a certain watering place which would be the last we would come to for several days, unless we could find a small pond some distance off the road. About nightfall, travelling at our usual rate, would bring us, we thought, to this watering place, and plans were made to fill everything possible to carry with us for the horses. Fancy our consternation when at last arriving at this water we found it surrounded by a whole tribe of Indians who were moving across country. After a hasty consultation it was decided by the leaders of the party both unwise and dangerous to stop there, as at that time, nearly thirty years ago, the Indians were not as civilized as they now are, and two families of white persons out there alone, miles from human habitation, surrounded by a whole tribe of Indians was no laughing matter. Even while we stopped to consider, they began gathering around the wagons demanding bread, flour and tobacco. We had, perhaps, a sack of flour and more or less bread, but what was that among so many? And to give to some and not to others would be only inviting trouble. Some gathering around the horses started to handle them,

which caused them to become very restless, for a white man's horse always hates the smell of an Indian. Father thought it was time to move on and taking the whip to the restless horses, made them start so suddenly that the Indians were compelled to get out of the way.

We vainly hoped we had been mistaken in this being the last water and travelled on, but there was no more water to be found, and we knew that we had indeed started on the dry stretch. We hoped now by some happy chance to find the pond that lay off the road, and kept a sharp lookout. On the second day one of the party thought he saw water some distance off, so a halt was made, the horses unhitched, and they with the cattle started off in the direction of the water with all the grown people following, leaving my sister and me in charge of the wagons and the children. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when they started away. They had not been gone long when a wind storm came up. We had bought an Indian lodge, and this we now tried to get up. We managed to get the poles up, but when we started to lift the heavy skins around, the whole thing blew over on top of us. I was quite covered up in the tangle of poles and skins and could not get out until my sister came to my assistance. She got as much of it off as she could and then said, "For mercy sake, crawl out if you can," which I was only too willing to do. I noticed her rubbing her head, but to inquire about slight injuries at such a time seemed nothing less than frivolous, and she regarded the situation as far too serious to make any comment on mere personal bruises. It was now getting dark, and there we were, helpless on the prairie with a couple of horseless wagons and six young children, with nothing to give them but dry pemmican and dry bread. As soon as the cows came back there would be milk for them, but there was no sign of the cows, and the children, beginning to feel hungry, added their note of woe to our melancholy forebodings. The night was hopelessly dark, and so windy that we could hardly hear each other's voices. We could not light a fire, for in such a wind if it did not get away and burn us, it might burn the grown people and the stock, so as a last resource my sister lit a lantern and I took a cow-bell; she stood in the front of one wagon swinging the light, while I stood in the other ringing the cow-bell. We had almost given up hope of being found that night, when close beside me I heard the voice of my sister Clara asking me if I would have a drink. Never was music sweeter to my ears than the sound of that voice. It was so dark that I could not see her, but she pushed something into my hands, and before she added as an afterthought, "Perhaps you better let me strain it," I had a good portion of it down, though it certainly did taste rather thick. The supposed water proved to be a snare and a delusion; what looked to be water was nothing more than a bare patch of alkali ground, which looked from a distance in the rays of the sun, to be water. In the very centre it was rather soft, and when the horses would tread it down, a little water settled in the holes made by their feet. That was the only water they got after their long and tiresome tramp. Poor Clara got so tired that she sat down and begged them to leave her on the prairie. My father did not say a word, but picked her up and put her on the back of one of the horses. When they got back to the trail, it was so dark they could not see which way to go, but by carefully lighting a match and guarding it from the wind they could see there were no tracks on the trail, consequently concluded they must be above the wagons, which proved to be the case. The next day when we stopped for noon the two girls started out again to see if they could find water. They came across another patch simular to that they had found the day before, but having nothing small enough to dip the water with, they were bothered about getting it into the pail 'till one suggested taking off a shoe and using it.

Our progress was slow, and these delays only made us longer on the trail and harder for the stock, so the next time water was reported and another

trip proposed, mother said decidedly, "No!" The cattle at least should not go another step out of the way if she could help it, as they were all very tired and footsore and every time they stopped only made it that much longer before they came to the water which we knew was somewhere before us, as for that on the side it might turn out another fraud. So she started on the trail with the cattle and the men started off with the teams for the water, which turned out as before. Every one who has travelled on the prairie knows how hard it is to judge of the distance of an object by sight alone, and it is only by being deceived over and over again that one begins to learn to calculate the true distance of things. The men were gone over two hours on their vain search for water, and by that time mother with the cattle was out of sight. However, as she had announced her intention of keeping on the trail, we knew we would catch up with her in time. It was morning when she started away, but we travelled on mile after mile, hurrying the horses as fast as possible in the hope of overtaking her. Noon came, but still we kept on, too anxious to stop. At last, as we were about to stop and organize a search party, away off to the left we caught sight for a moment of a solitary figure on a high hill; a figure which vanished as quickly as it had appeared. We watched, and it was not long before we saw the cattle coming around the hill with mother after them. The simple explanation was that the thirsty cattle had smelled the water we were so vainly looking for and had gone straight to the spot and had a good drink. Though mother tried to keep them on the trail, she found it was useless and the only thing she could do was to follow them up and try to get them back again, which was not so easy to do. She thought she was lost until, from the top of the hill, she saw the wagons.

It was here we caught our first view of the Rocky Mountains. They appeared at first sight like a long line of thick jagged clouds, but on approaching nearer, they took on a magnificent appearance, with their snow-crowned peaks lost to sight among the clouds that seemed ever hovering around them. Around the base and scattered through the foot hills, are forests of spruce and groves of cotton wood, with here and there a sturdy oak. Here are found a great many different kinds of game, from the grizzly bear down to the mountain sheep, antelope and porcupine. The rivers that flow down from the mountain sides are very swift, fed from the melting snow that is always to be found there

While we were camped at Hoop Up the Indians killed one of our cows, but we could get no redress for her That night our camp was in a natural basin about fifteen feet below the level, and fortunately we were up earlier than usual the next morning as we wanted to reach Stand-Off, where we had arranged to spend the winter, in good time that evening. We had breakfast all on the table and were just sitting down when one of the party looking out of the lodge door found we were enveloped by thick black smoke so dense it was impossible to see and to breathe was difficult. The alarm was quickly given, our great anxiety being to find the horses in the confusion and smoke. The breakfast was thrust into the provision box uneaten and all was alarm and consternation. The children ran around crying and rubbing their eyes, and altogether the situation looked pretty serious. There seemed to be no way of helping ourselves except by deserting everything and making our escape, but from the way the smoke came pouring down it was hard to tell which way to go. Just when things seemed hopeless, the smoke lifted enough for us to find the horses; then two of the party discovered that one place remained which the fire had not reached yet, and they succeeded in keeping it back until we got out. That same fire chased us way to the Kootenay River, and when we were in the river it was on the banks only ten feet behind us. We succeeded in getting to the river only by running both horses and cattle

We stayed that winter at Stand-Off. Father got out timber, intending to take up land and settle there, but when he heard that the land he had picked

out was part of an Indian Reserve, he gave up the idea of settling, and the next spring moved up to the Indian supply farm. We were there until the following summer, but we were twenty years too early and did not dream of the broad fields of winter wheat which have since made Southern Alberta world famous. Then it was a ranching country without schools or churches, so father decided to remove his large family back to Manitoba.

The return trip was rather uneventful, but we had one interesting adventure. About eleven o'clock one evening, as Clara and I were watching the horses, we were terrified to hear the sharp pounding of hoofs as of a horse being rapidly ridden towards our camp. Out on that quiet prairie, miles away from any human being, that strange noise was startling enough to cause us to rouse the men who were peacefully slumbering after the continuous driving of the day. The beats were certainly coming nearer and we were decidedly alarmed, as it might be an Indian, but then any one bent on mischief would never come galloping along at that rate. As we began to realize that our fear gave way more and more to surprised curiosity. Jim and father, with most of the others, were thoroughly awake when into camp galloped a lone horse. It was light enough to see that he was a fine-looking animal, and as he was quite willing to be handled, it was not long before father and Jim had a halter on him. After trying vainly to arrive at some conclusion as to where he came from or whom he belonged to, they gave it up, tied him and went back to bed. As morning began to dawn our captive showed signs of restlessness and we roused the camp earlier than usual. The first intimation we had of the nature of the beast was when Jim coming unwarily up behind, received a salute from his heels which, had he not been so close, might have resulted more seriously. The wild horse, a magnificent creature, had decided that it was time he had his freedom and an introduction to the rest of his kind who were now plainly visible. The men were kept busy dodging all of his feet. The question now was what to do with the untamed beautiful creature. How to get away from him was discussed under very exciting circumstances. Finally, it was planned to hobble and then outdistance him. So the horses were quickly brought in and harnessed under difficulties, for that brute would make sudden dashes among them and mix up our five in great confusion. We were driving the two teams tandem and had a dear little saddle horse, a pinto mare, extra for emergencies. Jim was to drive away as fast as possible (after they had succeeded in getting the hobbles on the stranger, which was an exciting piece of work, too). Then father, on the pinto, was to keep the hobbled creature back until the wagon got some distance away, when he thought he could easily overtake us. Well, would you believe it—that horse with his hobbles on got to the wagon just about as soon as father, and though we ran the horses for some miles he nobly followed, and it was with real regret that we saw him at last make his way to the middle of a large slough, where he stood in the water covered with foam. He put up such a good fight and made such a noble effort that to leave him alone again on that wide, wide prairie seemed almost brutal—yet what could we do? Our provisions were getting scarce, we had unfortunately got out of the direct route and had not much of a trail, our only consolation was that we were going in the right direction. As soon as we thought we were a safe distance from our pursuer we stopped for breakfast. This incident happened somewhere between Cypress Hills and Qu'Appelle. We had gone much farther north than we intended, and thus were longer on our journey than we had anticipated, provisions finally getting so short that we were limited to a small slice of bread for each meal. So we were very glad to reach Qu'Appelle and find where we were.

Without further adventures we reached Manitoba, where father was much pleased with the prospects for farmers and took up land on the Assiniboine River. Here he laid the foundations of a pleasant home, which soon became as dear to us as had been the old one back in Essex.

MORE SONNETS OF AN OFFICE BOY

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

Author of "Ballads of the Busy Days," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE PRETZ

XXVIII.

WHEN I was tellin' ma, two days ago,
About our beautiful typewriter girl,
She dropped the dough and give a sudden whirl
And said "She's twic't as old as you, you know -
She must be twenty-five or six or so.
Don't think about her any more, my dear,
And you and me'll be always happy here -
Besides, she's nothing but an old scarecrow."

It made me sad to hear her talk that way,
My darling's just a little girl almost -
I can't see why ma give her such a roast,
And I could hardly eat my lunch next day,
For every time I took a bite of bread
I almost hated ma for what she said.

XXIX.

THE other day a rusty pen got stuck
Away deep in her finger, and she held
Her poor, dear little hand up then and yelled
For me to hurry over there and suck
The poison out, and when I went I struck
My toe against the old man's cuspidor
And rolled about eight feet along the floor
Before I knew what happened, blame the luck!

When I set up and looked around, at last,
That long-legged, homely clerk was there, and so
He had her finger in his mouth, and, oh,
I'll bet you I d a' kicked him if I dast!
I never seen the beat the way things go
When there's a chance for me to stand a show.

XXX.

OUR homely clerk took her out for a ride
Last Sunday in a buggy, and they rode
Around all through the parks. I wisht I'd knowed
About it, and the horse would kind of shied,
An' I then get scared an' run and kicked and I'd
Of been a piece ahead and saw him jump
And leave her hangin' on alone the chump,
And she'd of been so 'fraid she'd nearly died

Then I'd of give a spring and caught the bit,
And landed on the horse's back, where all
The people there could see me doin' it,
And when I got her saved the crowd would call
Three cheers for me, an' then she'd come and fall
Against my buzzum, and he'd have a fit

XXXI

I DON'T care if she's twic't as old as me,
For I've been figgerin' and figgers shows
That I'll grow older faster than she grows,
And when I'm twenty-one or so, why, she
Won't be near twic't as old as me no more,
And then almost the first thing that she knows
I might ketch up to her some day, I s'pose
And both of us be gladder than before.

When I get whiskers I can let them grow
All up and down my cheeks and on my chin,
And in a little while they might begin
To make me look as old as her, and so
She'd snuggle up to me and call me "paw"
And then I'd call her "pet" instead of "maw"

XXXII.

ONE morning when the boss was out somewhere
And when the clerk was at the bank and me
And her was here alone together, she
Let out a screech and jumped up in the air,
And grabbed her skirts and yelled "A mouse!" And there
One come a-runnin' right at her, and gee!
They wasn't a blame thing that I could see
To whack it with, except an office chair.

Drawn by F[illegible] Le[illegible]

[illegible] BROTHER TIETJE[illegible] AND GAV[illegible] A[illegible] DEN[illegible] R
AND SAI[illegible] SHE KNEW THAT IT WAS ONE OF YOUR B[illegible]

I grabbed one up and made a smash and hit
Her desk and broke a leg clear off somehow.
And when the boss came back and looked at it
He said that I would have to pay, and now
When ma finds out I know just what I'll git
Next pay day there will be an awful row

XXXIII.

IT'S over now; the blow has fell at last;
It seems as though the sun can't shine no more
And nothing looks the way it did before;
The glad thoughts that I used to think are past
Her desk's shut up to-day the lid's locked fast,
The keys where she typewrote are still, her chair
Looks sad and lonesome standin' empty there -
I'd like to let the tears come if I dast.

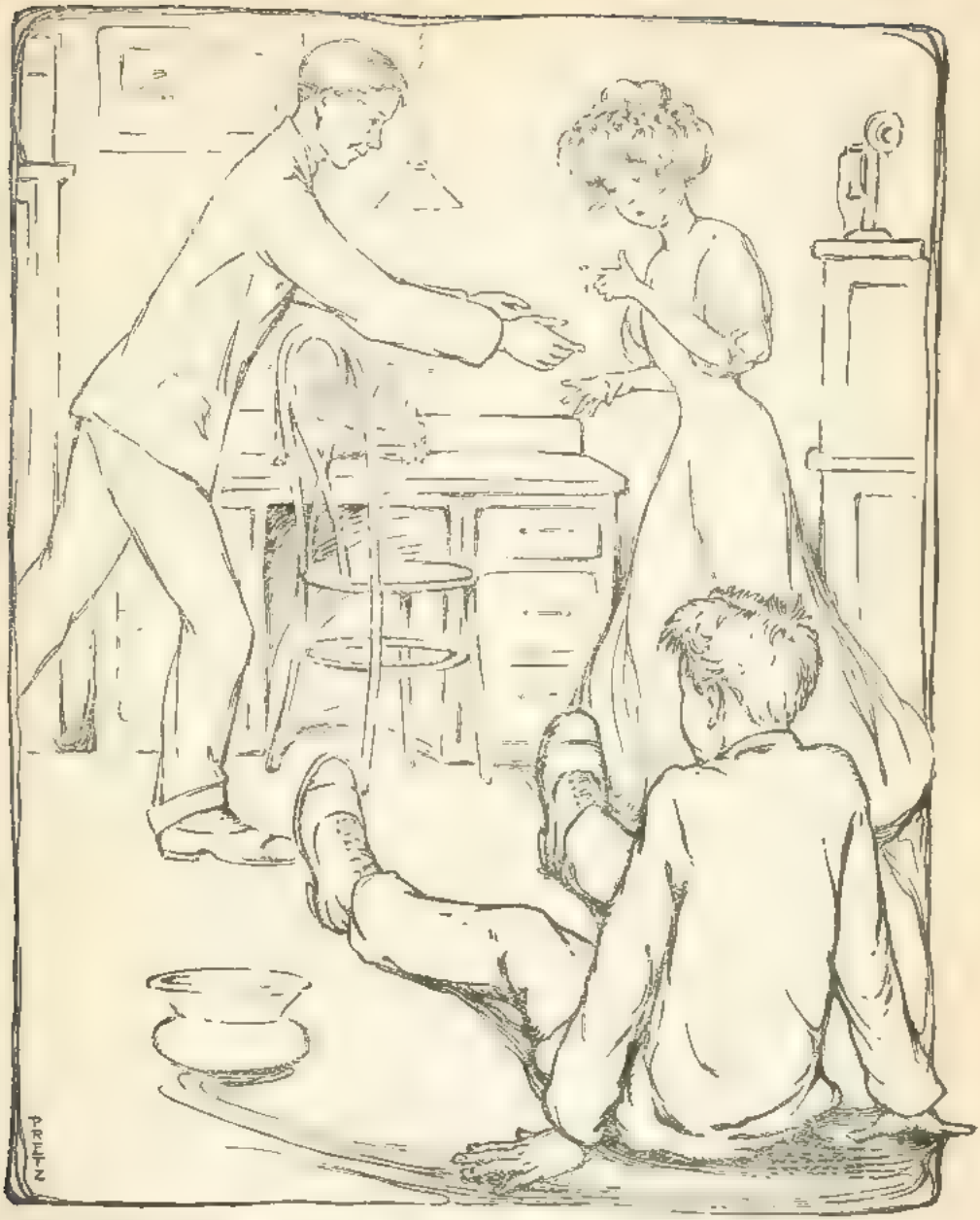
This morning when the boss come in he found
A letter that he'd got from her, and so
He read it over twice and turned around
And said: "The little fool's got married!" Oh,
It seemed as if I'd sink down through the ground
And never peep no more I didn't, though

XXXIV.

THE chap's a beau we didn't know she had,
He come from out of town somewhere, they say,
I hope he's awful homely and that they
Will fight like cats and dogs and both be sad
But still there's one thing makes me kind of glad
The long legged clerk must stay and work away,
And, though he keeps pretendin' to be gay,
It's plain enough to see he's feelin' bad.

I wish when I'm a man and rich and proud
She'll come, tall and handsome then, and be
Blame sorry that she didn't wait for me,
And that she'd hear the people cheerin' loud
When I went past, and down there in the crowd
I'd see her lookin' at me sorrowf'ly.

THE END



Drawn by Florence Pratt

AND ROLLED ABOUT EIGHT FEET ALONG THE FLOOR
BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED, LEAVE THE LUCK!

A BROTHER OF THE SEA

BY RICHARD A. HASTE

Author of "The Warm Chinook"

WRITING of Lake Superior, Julian Ralph called it "The Brother of the Sea." Why he applied the masculine gender is not quite clear to me. He must have known the great lake in its angry moods, when its strength and its vastness were dominant. To me, and I have known it in all its myriad moods, it is decidedly feminine. Changeable? Yes, but that is not it. It is so bright; at times so soft and caressing, and then so coldly beautiful; always mysterious —incomprehensible

But we need not quibble over a matter of terminology. Brother of the sea it has been termed—brother of the sea let it remain. It is this kinship with the great deep that impresses one, and the precise nature of that kinship does not matter.

When the summer heat settles chokingly into every nook and crevice of the city and shimmers over the dusty roads and parched fields, visible and scorching; when the southern heavens take on the hue of molten brass, when the leaves droop in the drought and the winds die, have you ever gone to the far north for relief—taken steamer and gone to the upper lake regions; to Georgian Bay, or Isle Royale, or Port Arthur or Duluth? No? Then you have coming one of the most delicious experiences of your life

What is the peculiar charm? Really, I cannot tell—I cannot name any particular charm any more than I can describe happiness. It is distinctive, yet elusive. It may be the magnetic power of the north that seems to eliminate the past with its worries You enter upon a new state of being; your nostrils dilate and your pulses throb with a life that is new to you—an exultant, abundant life. You feel that you are at last drinking from the original fountain of life. This indefinable physical elation is not all. The great island sea with its rugged settings appeals to the imagination—it is more than beautiful, it is fascinating.

There is a short stop at the "Soo," a half hour on the rocky shore of the great rapids, or in the beautiful government park that surrounds the canals. There is a rush of seething water as the huge steamer rises to the higher level of Lake Superior –a warning blast of the sonorous whistle, and you hurry aboard to find yourself moving westward over the transparent waters of the Brother of the Sea

The sun looks warmly down; the breeze blows clear cool

Were hours ever so short? Noon has hardly passed when you notice that the day is almost gone. Purple shadows are gathering in the east, and to the west –you are sailing straight into a golden glory of a cloud-flecked sunset. Dark from the underworld rises the crimsoning, paling to orange, barred by purple band-clouds; above are vari-colored streamers flaring to the zenith.

Dreamily you watch the play of color on the water queen, gold, amethyst —a great liquid opal shot with fire —the reflection of the crimson sky on the gently swelling surface of the lake.

Now you realize, if you never did before, why there ever hangs about this "big sea water" a veil of poetry—a wavering mist of weirdly beautiful Indian legends. And you will understand, too, why these legends seem real to you now—as real as they did to the wide-eyed children of the wigwam.

You will find it easy to believe the story of the floating island, and the sleeping giant, and the guarded treasures of the sea, when you see before you a city suspended in mid air, or a castle with its turrets shining in the sun. These you will see, and more. Here are green islands with long tree-covered, wave-washed tongues of land extending far into the blue mist where the sky stoops down behind the shoulder of the sea. These things you will see with your own eyes, and before your eyes they fade away. But to you they will be real in this wonderful world of the north.

The plain history of this region is as fascinating as is its legendary lore. For here in the early dawn of the new world came those picturesque path-finders of the wilderness, Raddison and Grossillire, Allouez, Dulut, Hennepin, Marquette, and the overpious Father Dablon. They came in search of souls —and beaver skins. They found a world—and what a world! What men they were, and what a revelation this north land and north water must have been to them as they drew their bark canoes upon the shingly beach and built their camp fires under the over-hanging forests. What a life that must have been—the life of the Voyageur and the Coureur de Bois! The type is now all but extinct and only a shadow of the life remains about the Hudson's Bay Company posts of the far-north, but on every pass and portage of the upper lake region, on every island and headland these men have left their mark. They have retreated before the advancing step of modern civilization like the beaver, but the forest is still redolent with the life that was theirs. It will all come back to you like a memory, as if you had lived it yourself —the care-free, primitive life of the unsubdued world.

To appreciate this north world you must know something of its history, for little of the actual work of these "Heralds of Empire" is left to the eye. They were not vain, those men of the long trail. They erected no monuments of stone, but we can trace them by what they did leave—their names and their religion.

More than a hundred years ago, Lake Superior with its connecting waters was the great highway of the most remarkable commerce of any country or any age—the trade of the Northwest Fur Company. Few traces of this concern now remain. Even Fort Kaministiquia, the great clearing house of this world-wide enterprise, where once gathered annually a thousand men, factors, agents and voyageurs from the Lake of the Woods, from the land of the Assiniboines, from the great Saskatchewan, from Lake Athabaska, and from far-off Yukon, has been razed to the ground. Where it stood now stand mammoth grain elevators, the storehouses of the modern product of these far-off lands. But its history with the history of the life of which it was the focus is still there and will grip you with the fascination of the north

Your destination? It matters not a bit. It may be Duluth, Port Arthur, Isle Royale—any place—anywhere. You may take the Northwest and go from the Soo to Duluth with the speed of a limited railway train, or you may take a Canadian Pacific steamer and skirt the north shore, passing Isle Royale and Thunder Cape that guard the twin harbors of Fort William and Port Arthur, the lake termini of great railway systems of Canada. Or you may take one of the lines of steamers that make the south shore, the boats of which stop at dozens of out-of-the-way places nestling close to the water under the pines. These places you may explore while the steamer takes on and discharges freight. They are slow, but who wants speed under such conditions. Day will follow day—you will take no note of time for every hour is filled with the new and the novel. And when the sun has gone and the north is red and you gather with new-made, but congenial friends on the upper deck surrounded by silence and witchery of the night, you will wonder if after all this is but a dream—a mental mirage conjured up by the magic of the Brother of the Sea.

MODERN MAN AND THE GOSPEL

BY SHAILER MATHEWS, M. A., D. D.

Author of "The Church and the Changing Order"

SIXTH PAPER

WHILE it is true that the Gospel is essentially good news concerning the Kingdom of God, it would be but a partial statement which omitted its insistence upon Christian experience. Throughout the New Testament there are two coordinate results of faith, the removal of the penalty of death and the reception of the Holy Spirit. By way of argument, the first depends upon the second. Whenever the early Christians wished to give final ground for their confidence in their future salvation, they turned to the fact of their new spiritual life. So important is this new morality that it is not strange that we have come to regard it as the central thing in Christianity. A Christian must be a good man or sacrifice all claim to recognition as a follower of Jesus.

I

At the first reading, it is apparent that the Apostolic teaching concerning the Holy Spirit is genetically connected with the belief as to the two ages of which we have already spoken. The "speaking with tongues" of Pentecost argued the coming of the Spirit which had been promised for the "last days." The Spirit is, in fact, always conceived of as the representative of the ascended Christ. But this is not all; he is the first installment of that age-life which the believers knew to be their great heritage in the coming Kingdom. In a word, the writers of the New Testament conceived of their own times as a sort of intermediate period in which the Christ was temporarily absent, but in which His affairs were cared for by the Holy Spirit.

There were two appreciable results of the coming of this Spirit into the heart of the believer. In the first place, there were the external and morally neutral "gifts" — speaking with tongues, working of miracles, prophesy, teaching, government. A man was no better or worse for such things and their moral value depended wholly upon whether or not they were used by their possessor for edification. It is apart from our purpose to attempt a discussion of these phenomena, but there is no good reason for refusing to believe that they actually occurred. While it may not be as yet possible to account for them psychologically, we have sufficient data at our disposal to lead us to accept the facts as recorded. It is worth noticing, however, that important as these gifts were in the estimation of the rank and file of the Christians, and valuable as they were as evidence of one's acceptance by God as a member of the Kingdom, Paul, who is the only New Testament writer who seriously discusses them, makes them decidedly inferior to love. A man not possessed of love might have them all and still be of little account morally. For this reason, as well as for others, the gifts of the Holy Spirit play a secondary role in New Testament thought, and as Christianity passed out of its early stage of brilliant and possibly abnormal enthusiasm, ceased to appear. The really important knowledge of the new spiritual life of the believer is the "fruit" of the Spirit—the actual traits of character that belonged to spiritual rather than "carnal" life

To appreciate the Apostolic position at this point, it is necessary to bear in

mind the fact that it rests upon a two-fold division of the human personality. The Apostles conceived of a man as composed of two elements; the flesh, by which they meant all that allies a man with the animal creation; and the spirit, which is non-corporeal and which is immediately susceptible to the spirit of God. In this psychology, which, though simple, expresses that which has been recognized by practically every thinker, lies the basis of that doctrine of the Spirit which gave its ethical value to Apostolic Christianity. The two natures in a man were opposed to each other, one striving to pull him back to the likeness of the animal, and the other having the capacity to experience and to approach the life of God. To live according to the one meant death; to live according to the other meant life. Sin, which Paul at least almost personifies, plays havoc with a man through taking advantage of the flesh. God would help a man through co-operation with the Spirit.

Stated thus in its lowest terms the problem in moral growth was very simple for the early Christian. He was not to remain passive, waiting for God to make him morally perfect; but he was rather himself to follow the impulses and the thoughts and the truths which were the outcome of the influence of God upon his spirit. He was to struggle against all those passions and desires which sprang from the flesh. Struggling thus, he would at least be victorious when the fleshly body had been replaced by the spiritual body, at the resurrection. Then, with his entire personality quickened by the divine Spirit, he would be in the likeness of his Christ.

The moral obligation under which the Christian lay was accordingly very simple. In the gift of the Spirit and in the resultant life of his own spirit he possessed to some degree the sort of life which would be lived in that heavenly kingdom into which flesh and blood could not enter. He was, therefore, to live that life in an evil world, waging resolutely the conflict which must of necessity ensue. He was to press forward, ever growing in grace and ever living that life of love which characterizes God and Jesus. The kingdom had not come, but eternal life had begun, imperfectly, it is true, but none the less it had begun. The Christian's one imperative was to "walk in the Spirit."

But this new life was not to be lived, could not be lived, without divine help. The very fact that it was lived showed that God was assisting the man. That Spirit which knew of the things of God was taking of the things of God and giving them to the human spirit. As the human life appropriated these new influences, it grew to be more like Jesus as He lived in heaven. With His history before them, the Christians had no need to fear to follow any prompting of the spirit to humility or suffering or self-sacrificing service. Its reward was sure because Jesus lived. Their minds were to be like His mind, their life was to be like His life. Thus, through the short years of struggle and very possibly of suffering which would pass before their death or the coming of the Kingdom, Christians were to grow increasing holy and fit for the kingdom for which they were already prospective citizens.

II.

It is to this Apostolic teaching as to growth in moral strength that the modern man turns with eagerness. Nothing is more characteristic of recent thought than its demand that religion be made ethical. Formal theology will always be necessary for the man who wishes to have an intellectual expression for the facts of religious experience, but the great cry of to-day is not so much for thought as for deeds.

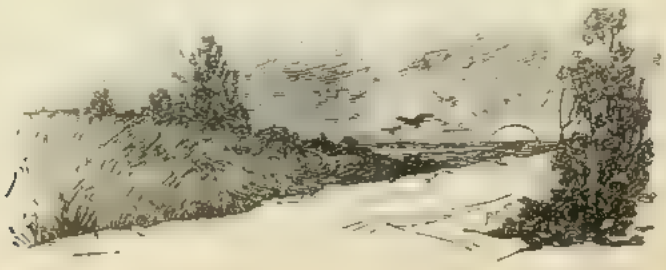
It is not our purpose to argue here that such a reaction against the religious spirit of the past is always defensible. As sometimes presented it simply means that ethics shall take the place of religion, and with this the man who believes in the Gospel can have little sympathy. It is exceedingly interesting, however, to notice that no matter how far removed from current expression may be the phraseology of the New Testament, the facts which the Apostles interpreted are those most akin to the facts which modern thought will emphasize. The distinction between the

flesh and the spirit—what is this but the contrast between that animal and higher self with which modern literature is filled? This eternal life which we hope will be completed in the age beyond what is it but the intimation of the nobler development before us, from which springs the great imperative of duty? This spirit which interpenetrates ours with vivifying and regenerating influence what is it but that spiritual environment of divine personality in the midst of which we live and move and have our being? And this increase in holiness and likeness to the divine Saviour—what is this but one phase of that regenerative process which we know will be continuous as long as personality, human and divine, continues?

The striking thing, however, in the New Testament process of moral growth is the derivation of moral imperatives from the certainty of an immortality like that of Jesus. Modern ethics in its scientific form cares next to nothing for immortality. If we can understand its proposals, it is seeking to find a basis for goodness in a scientific paganism. It argues as if there had never been a Christ, a church, or even a desire for immortality. It is this which makes modern evolutionary ethics impotent for practical purposes, just as it is the presence of this passionate belief in the future life that gives real effect to Christianity. While the scientific ethicist in total neglect of immortality has been building up more or less convincing theories to justify the moral imperative, the preacher of the Gospel has actually been making people better by the appeal to immortality. Such an appeal may not be scientific, but it is fortunate for the scientific ethicists that it has been made.

Similarly many scientific ethicists — although their number is far smaller than those who neglect immortality— have been endeavoring to get a morality in which there shall be no God. But Christian civilization has been built up by those who believe in God and individuals in that civilization have grown better and holier, more full of kindly, helpful impulses, because they have believed that there is a God in the universe who recognizes the moral distinctions and who assists moral efforts. And they have made the world better because of this belief. Philosophy and scientific ethics they may have had none, but what they had they have given to an impotent world, and that world has leaped and walked praising God

If ever there was a time when there was need of the simple doctrine of the Gospel that men actually are helped in their moral strivings by the divine Spirit with whom they live, it is now. Like the Apostles, the modern man will do all that he can to beat back the animal whose tastes and passion and will he has inherited; like the Apostles, he, too, will endeavor to live as if he were immortal, and knowing something of the immortality which he may expect because of the testimony concerning Jesus, he, like them, will endeavor to live the life of the spirit rather than that of the flesh, and above all, like them believing with even more data than were at their disposal, that there is a God in the universe, he will endeavor by following the direction of that great life which embodied God in humanity to live in such a way as to make the interpenetration of the divine life with his own life more possible and effective. He, too, will seek to be led by the Spirit and he, too, will by the Spirit walk.



THE FARTHEST NORTH GREENHOUSE

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

THE largest greenhouses in Western Canada are located in Edmonton the capital of the Province of Alberta. To those who have not yet got away from the old impression that most of the Canadian Northwest lies just under the rim of the Arctic Circle it will come as a pleasant surprise that these flourishing greenhouses are so favorably situated for flower growth that their owner finds it difficult even to make his roses and other flowers take the rest they require from blooming at certain seasons. Alberta's sunshine compels flowering.

Even during the first months of 1907 when the entire continent was experiencing the coldest winter on record, the round of receptions and luncheons and dinners that made Edmonton festive were every one graced with beautiful cut flowers from these greenhouses. Four tons of lignite coal were burned daily to heat the greenhouses (which then numbered only five); the thermometer was registering some chilly drops, but within the frost-painted conservatories the air was sweet with heavy earth smells and delicate flower fragrance, while its long beds of rose and carnations in riotous bloom were a delight.

These greenhouses are a direct evolution of the growing needs of Edmonton. The owner, Walter Ramsay, went several years ago from Ontario to become the principal of a public school in the Western frontier town, and because he loved flowers and the scientific study of them he soon built a small conservatory by his house. The flowers grew there with such luxuriance that the idea of commercial greenhouses sprang into Mr. Ramsay's mind, and finally in 1906 he resigned his principalship and entered on a florist's work.

Each of the five greenhouses built by Mr. Ramsay in 1906 measured 150 feet

by 22. In 1908 five others of the same dimensions were added, and at present about an acre of ground is covered with this enterprise for flower culture. It is Edmonton's boast that not even Winnipeg has greenhouses as large or more modern in construction. They are of the King type, practically built of steel and glass in the ridge and furrow style, which is well adapted for the Edmonton district because of the limited snowfall. The most modern system of ventilation is included, as well as a network of water-pipes for convenient watering of the beds.

In June of 1908 these greenhouses, extending in long vistas of bloom and fragrance, were a fairyland of delights. They are always open to visitors, who linger with especial enjoyment in the palm room, the two houses of roses and that for carnations. In the rose section the deep glow of the Richmond and General McCarthy or the stately American Beauty were well set off by the pale Bride rose and the exquisite coloring of the Canadian Queen and the various tea roses. And again, among the carnations, eight or nine beautiful varieties were vying with each other in loveliness.

Another house is given over to chrysanthemums, which will gladden the late summer with bloom; another to potted plants, another to lilies and sweet peas and other favorites, while at least four houses are devoted to vegetables. All during the past winter several of Edmonton's hotels and private residences were supplied with crisp lettuce and fresh tomatoes and cucumbers from these greenhouses. The tomato plants tower over the heads of visitors, the only difficulty being to keep their growth back that they may have more fruit and less vine.

The potted plants make a wonderfully beautiful section in the variegated loveliness of pelargonium, spiræa, azalea, geranium and many other varieties. The flowers peculiar to each season are as punctiliously cultivated here as in

ERECTED IN 1908. FIVE OTHERS HAVE BEEN ADDED

any metropolis of the East. Last Easter the showing of callas and Easter lilies, of violets and superb. At a banquet given in the Legislative Hall in February this year the scheme of decoration was beautiful. The whole scene would have astounded the eyes of visitors from the East. The tables were gardenlike with nodding daffodils, tulips, cyclamen and other spring bulbs intermingled with tall ferns and palms.

Orders for cut flowers come to Mr Ramsay from points as far east as Winnipeg and west to Nelson, B. C., while fine plants have been sent three hundred miles north by the freighters to fill orders sent out from Lesser Slave Lake. And as this post is still some hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle it is obvious that these trim greenhouses are a long way distant from that local landmark may even look forward in another decade of years to competition with greenhouses at Slave Lake or Fort Vermilion, or other points hundreds of miles nearer the home of the Aurora Borealis

PARADISE

BY JANE ROTHWELL

PARADISE LOST

THE night we quarrelled was a night of [illegible]
The leaves scarce stirred with the cool evening air
[illegible]
A scene from Fairyland. Naught seemed amiss.
And then we quarrelled [illegible]
[illegible]
But wounded pride, roused by mere petty spite,
Made bitter words in sudden anger spring
Unbidden to our lips. And then for me
The world grew dark; all nature seemed to wear
A hideous mask in sky, and earth, and air,
And seemed to mock my cruel misery.

PARADISE REGAINED

THE sky had never seemed so bright to me,
The air so clear, the herbage green, before,
When you, Sweetheart, to punish me forbore,
And mercifully listened to my plea
And then, as though yet unappeased, you made
Me promise not to move, my eyes to close,
And then I felt a touch, as though a rose,
Bedewed, cool, soft, had on my lips been laid.
I caught you fleeing, a most precious prize,
And kissed in ecstacy your brow our hair,
Your lips, and looked into your shining eyes,
And looking, found a brighter heaven there.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

BY HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Books may be had anywhere but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy through whose eyes our readers wherever they live, may look in upon the best new play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production. THE EDITOR

CANADA has long been the land of romance for the story-maker [illegible] realization of Canadian atmosphere in a play. Eugene Walters who has given us this clean, bold picture of elemental passions, calls it a melodrama. Rather should it be classed as a romantic drama, so grave, spacious and poetical is the movement. This is no intellectual word-sparring of a silken boudoir but a conflict in which men "stand on their feet and fight" for supremacy in love. The action culminates in the events of a single day.

Andrew McTavish, granite hearted Bible quoting old Scotchman, believes all women wanton in their love. To remove his motherless daughter Hilda from possible friendship with any of the opposite sex, he has built a log hut on the banks of the Wind River, in the northern forests of the Hudson Bay country in stern determination to "keep her soul white." In spite of the emotional barrenness of her life, the bitter taunts of her father because she resembles the mother who has deserted them Hilda grows to young womanhood with a heart pure, sweet and patient. The only one who has ever sought to strengthen her with sympathy is a young French Canadian, Jules Beaubien, who prefers the wilderness to Montreal or Quebec, and in his wanderings has come every summer to talk and smoke with old Andrew. Baptiste le Grand, a Hudson Bay trader and nomad, is his faithful 'dog.' Jules has the enviable distinction of being the only one who can make Andrew McTavish laugh. So Andrew has smoked and drunk with him and let him see much of Hilda. Besides, "French Canadians are only half-men," so no harm can come from Jules.

This summer Hilda is eighteen and the responsibility of "keeping her soul white" devolves upon herself. In the years that Andrew and his daughter have been isolated from the world, a great change has been taking place in the wilderness, unknown to them. The land of the Hudson's Bay region, re-

served for centuries to the hunter and the trapper, had been discovered to be enormously valuable as a wheat producer. The railways have stretched their tentacles rapidly through the wilderness, leaving towns and grain fields in their wake. While directing the surveying for a branch line near the Little Bear River, William McDonald, an American engineer, takes temporary quarters in the McTavish home. With him is George Huntley, a young assistant.

McDonald is familiar with all that ignorant Hilda longs for with the intensity of long-unsatisfied feeling. Even Jules, Hilda's "one friend," as she calls him, does not talk to her of the houses and ladies and magazines of great cities. Jules has been to Montreal and Quebec, even to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, true, but he loves the forests of the north. "A man's heart," he tells Hilda, "calls it where it will, and he can give no reason. I have been told that some love the song of the sea, and some the song of the cities - that men cannot live only where there are thousands of men, and that men cannot live without feeling the roll of the ocean under their feet. But me - I am a French Canadian. For six generations we have borne our children close to nature. To me, Hilda, the forest speaks as my comrade; the blank barrens welcome me to fight them, the snow, the ice, the cold, the dogs, the sledge—they are all part of my heart. The North has been my only bride, and she is always young, with a smile on her face."

Besides, Jules does not think it wise to talk of places one may never visit. So he had never told Hilda of the bustling, varied, multi-colored life of cities. McDonald is not so scrupulous. With his wealth of information, he gains Hilda's attention. Through attracting her interest, he intends to gain her love. This is his pastime, the recompense he allows himself for the difficult life of an engineer. He has a wife and children at home. But he must find someone to amuse him wherever he goes.

Such is the adjustment of relations among the characters of "The Wolf," when the play opens upon a background of autumnal woodland.

In the foreground is the log hut of McTavish, a bear skin drying over the entrance. Rich, full-blooded colors of autumn dominate the scene. The tree boughs hang heavily with crimson leaves, mottled with gold. Endless leagues of forest stretch into the distance, wholly obliterating the horizon and revealing glimpses of a quiet lake.

Andrew McTavish, sitting before his door and whittling leisurely as he listens to Baptiste LeGrand, feels none of this autumnal beauty. Baptiste, as is his wont when he has a companion, talks of the American for whom he and Jules search. They have never seen him. His name even is unknown to them. Yet they will find him some day for what he did to Annette, Jules' sister and Baptiste's sweetheart. She was Jules' half sister, to be exact, for although they had the same father, Annette's mother was an Ojibwa Indian. Annette was a good girl in spite of the fact that she had loved the American and killed herself when he deserted her two years ago. Baptiste had been far to the north, trapping, when this happened. But he and Jules will find the American some day.

McTavish ridicules Baptiste's belief in dead Annette's goodness. All women are all alike. Their hearts are black. Did not his own experience prove it? He had married a young Swede off the streets of Montreal. The least she might have done to repay him had been to give him a son. Had she done it? No. Hilda was his Christmas present, a yellow-haired Swede in her mother's image. The mother had deserted him for a lover. Yellow hair indicated a taint of the original sin, and Hilda too is predestined to destruction.

Hilda, however, finds an aggressive partisan in young Huntley. He and McTavish have a standing dislike for each other because apparently Huntley "ha na respect for gray hairs." In spite of the laziness and love of fun which often temporarily blind him, young Huntley sees clearly that McDonald intends to amuse himself at Hilda's expense. Now he has worked

for McDonald many years and looked silently on while McDonald pursued similar methods of pleasure in New York and the villages where his work led him. Hilda is different. This time Huntley resolves to act, though as yet his impulses are not formulated into a definite plan.

He gives her what she needs unconsciously to strengthen her against McDonald's influence; an expression of his belief in her goodness. He has heard her mother's story from the railroad men who dub McTavish the "Madman of the North." "It's a shame the way he treats you. I heard how he married your mother. And she was pretty just like you, and he treated her awful rough. There are some people who are just naturally bad and some, like your mother, who are driven to it. And I believe that those who are driven stand an equal chance with those who are always good."

McDonald has no outward grossness to repel Hilda. He is a clean-cut, vigorous man and an efficient worker. His excellent outward appearance gives authority to what he chooses to tell Hilda. He chooses to tell her that he loves her, that the life she will lead with him will contain pleasure, affection and material comfort. Hilda listens. Is this the response to the "great desire" within her? She sees no outward mark on the man before her to guide her. She knows that the bitter life in the forest with her father cannot be endured longer. She shakes her head: "I cannot answer now. I don't know." Then, as her father's strident voice calls her into the house: "All I know is that I cannot stay here."

Beaubien appears on the path, tall and lithe, wearing his leather clothes and cigarette with characteristic French Canadian grace. He greets McDonald heartily, he has come from his wanderings to spend his customary few weeks near the McTavish home. McDonald frankly likes him, and as they sit under the trees and talk, he frees his thoughts intimately.

The principal fault McDonald finds with the Northern woods is that they have no women.

"No; of course there are no ladies; that is a great disadvantage."

"I have found one even here."

Jules is puzzled for a minute. "You mean Hilda? She is but a child, an innocent child."

"They are not attractive with the bloom off."

"You like her?" Jules queries.

McDonald laughs and folds his arms slowly. "That is *my*—business."

"Of course," replies Jules, with his soft, pleasant laugh.

"And you," asks McDonald. "Are we rivals? Do you—l-i-k-e—her?"

"That is my business, also."

With this apparent reticence, each man clearly reveals to the other where he stands. Jules has heretofore considered Hilda too young to receive his love. He comes summer after summer until she shall be old enough to realize the desire that is in his heart. McDonald's discernment of the fact that Hilda is beautiful and desirable opens Jules' eyes abruptly to the fact that McDonald has progressed far in Hilda's regard, and that he, Jules, may lose the prize he has waited for.

McDonald is recalling former conquests: "Unless a man is satisfied with a squaw, he is hard put to it for amusement. He himself a few years before had discovered a beautiful half-breed and lived with her until the girl began to talk 'priest and marriage' so strong that he had to leave. She was a beauty, too—an Ojibway."

Jules is keen attention. His dead half sister Annette was an Ojibway. "And what was this girl's name?"

The concentration in Jules' eyes puts McDonald on his guard. He has forgotten the girl's name. At all events, he heard—from what source he knows not—that she killed herself after he left.

"An' you think," Jules approaches him until he quite towers over the sitting McDonald, "that it was right for you to go away and leave this girl alone to die?"

"But I have a wife and children at home. And the girl was only a half-breed—what should I do?"

"I *will tell you*, some time—I, Jules Beaubien, who am speaking to you

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

CHARLOTTE WALKER AS "HILDA" IN "THE WOLF"

now I will tell you what I think" answers Jules.

To avert further unpleasant conversation, McDonald enters the house.

B'aptiste appears. Jules grips his arm.

"B'aptiste, you know the American for whom we search. I think I have found him."

"Sacre!" mutters B'aptiste.

"If it is he, he is trying to do the same thing to Hilda that he did to Annette. When I find out for sure" he taps B'aptiste's gun significantly.

"Kill," mutters B'aptiste.

"No, not you. I will kill him. I have the first right. Annette was my sister."

As Jules too enters the house, B'aptiste is left alone. He raises his gun with prayerful hands to heaven and supplicates:

"Please, God, let B'aptiste kill the American."

* * *

It is afternoon of the same day.

The second act shows the living room of the McTavish house. The left wall is taken up with a fireplace—empty as yet of logs. Through the open casement of the broad window at the rear, leafy boughs of trees are seen. At the right a door leads to the open. A shaft of sunlight streams through a window near the door.

McDonald's arms sprawl over an ample table in the middle of the room as he pores over maps of the country. Huntley interrupts him. He has had a conversation with Jules. At last his impulses toward helping Hilda are going to break into speech.

Never before has he interfered with McDonald. Indeed, his principal asset in his relation to McDonald's work has been not ability but "minding his own business." Now he feels the asset slipping. He warns McDonald that Jules is alert to prevent harm to Hilda, and that "if it comes to a showdown about the girl I've declared myself. Job or no job."

As Huntley leaves, Hilda enters hurriedly. Before she can escape by the opposite door, McDonald calls her back to ask whether she has decided to go with him.

She looks very young and very childish in her rough, shapeless dress and heavy braids as she shakes her head, helplessly. "Still, I don't know."

She has come to one conclusion. If there is to be any shame connected with going away, she will stay, regardless of the bitterness of life here. Her father must not be able to say that her heart is black. People must not talk about her as they did about her mother.

"But if your father consents. If after I talk with him, he wishes you to go?"

She hesitates, almost convinced. McDonald is promising her all she asks. The desire to live her own life, to be free, to pierce the mysteries which beckon her from the country beyond the pines and barriers, struggles with the instinctive fear of McDonald which has lodged in her heart, she knows not why. Yet uncertainty masters her. "Still I don't know."

McDonald realizes that the sure way to reach Hilda is, after all, through her father. When McTavish comes in, McDonald approaches him adroitly. He begins very far from his object. He offers to let McTavish invest his scanty saving in a "sure thing." The railway for which McDonald surveys is directing its course toward the Little Bear River. When the line is completed, the land at the mouth of the river will be valuable. McDonald has invested there sufficient capital to return him a fortune. If M'Tavish wishes to invest, he will relieve him of making all arrangements. When McTavish has the money he can travel—he can even go back to visit Scotland.

At the suggestion of Scotland, his [illegible] the old man softens for the only time during the play.

"Mon, I ha dreamt o' Scotland these twenty years. I've dreamt o' it in the long cold night o' winter, and under the pines in the summer time the wind has sung her sweet dear ballads. I hae closed me eyes and me heart's near cracked at the thought o' me bonnie land Scotland—mon, 'tis the thought of her that hae kept the life in me body these long, lonely, weary years."

Stirred by this prospect M[illegible] listens favorably to McDonald's further

proposition. When the railroad goes through near their home, there will be many men on the construction gangs Now, McDonald has a godly mother in New York who would make it her delight to continue the work of guarding Hilda. McDonald himself will gladly take her to New York to place her under his good mother's care

His words lift a weight of anxiety from McTavish's mind. McDonald has his complete confidence Freely he consents to the plan and goes to tell Hilda of the change in her circumstances

At that moment McDonald smells a whiff of cigarette smoke. He wheels abruptly. On the window casement leans Jules

"In the United States we would call that eavesdropping"

"'Twould be the same in any language Yet you have heard 'all is fair in—love and war'"

Jules' pleasant voice and soft smile disarm his enemies One may fight with him but never quarrel.

"Won't you come in?"

"Thanks" Jules leaves the window and reappears at the door

"You were lying to that old man"

"No. Only following your method—promises"

McDonald eyes him defensively Suave and courteous as Jules is, Huntley's warning has made McDonald wary

McDonald makes a generous proposition. He feels his position impregnable Jules knows that he has a wife back in the States but he cannot use this information against McDonald. Hilda's choice must be the culmination of her own impressions and desire McDonald proposes that before he sees Hilda, Jules shall have an interview with her, "Though I tell you now you haven't a shred of a chance."

"Still I take that chance"

Jules says not a word to Hilda of his love for her He tells her of his sister Annette Love is not always good It was not good for her

Hilda cannot explain her own desire for love. When the wolves howl on winter nights near the door, she longs to be one of them free to choose a mate, and her own way of living. Is this love?

"I do not know, Hilda All men do not love alike. Love is the great desire and all that live have it. In the spring when the snow melts and the ice crashes down the river, when the pink flowers of the forest peep from under the snowdrifts, then the world is full of love, The ducks and the geese are noisy in their romances The he-wolf kills night and day to feed the mother of his cubs The bull moose bellows in the pride of his fatherhood The robin watches its bright-eyed mate on the next tree waiting for those three little eggs to bring new life into the world And all this, Hilda, is the love God wanted man to have. But it is not so, Hilda Some men, some time have sinned and the great desire is not always good, not always pure Hilda, I have had the great desire like all men I have not always been good, but, having been bad, I have learned much and now always I wish to be good Love comes to a man in his loneliness and tears at his heart like the fangs of a wolf. I have been in the north when at noon the red rim of a distant sun is the only message of warmth and glow of the distant southland And then in the cold and loneliness the great desire has come upon me I loved, and somewhere I knew my mate was waiting for me, and I'd curl up among my dogs and sleep peacefully"

One phrase of Jules lingers longest in Hilda's consciousness Annette's love was not good; she trusted a man who deceived her, *he was not of her race nor of her tongue*

When McDonald tells her that her father has consented to her going away with him she shrinks from him While he dilates on the expanded life this means, she sits at the window, thinking of an old Indian superstition. Last night the wolves formed in a pack She heard them howling. Did not he know, she asks McDonald, that the wolves never form in a pack in the summer time unless some one is about to die? He laughs at her childish fears Then, as the shaft of sunlight

glorifies her hair and slender face, a passion for her sweeps over him. He catches her in his arms, telling her how much he loves her, *though he is not of her race nor of her tongue*

The embrace terrifies her. The words awaken the latent resistance to him that Jules has fostered. Now she sees the whole plot Her father and this man have conspired to blacken her soul

Her shrieks bring McTavish and Jules. Hilda cowers behind Jules for protection Believing that Hilda has refused to go to McDonald's mother because Beaubien is her lover, McTavish would tear her with his bare hands.

At this moment B'aptiste's gun appears at the window. He covers McDonald and McTavish until Jules and Hilda have escaped through the door and out into the forest

* * *

The third act shows that by evening the fugitives have advanced as far as the portage of the Little Bear The soft coolness of twilight is creeping up from the river. A red rim of sun still glows dully on the horizon. The vivid forest hues sink in the shadowy light to quiet brown

Down the rocky path of the hill Jules and Huntley, who has cast his lot with them, carry the canoe. While Hilda, worn by the day's excitement, rests on some blankets near a log, Jules unfolds his plan to B'aptiste and Huntley They are to take Hilda in the canoe farther down the river, while he waits for McDonald. If Jules does not appear the next day, B'aptiste is to return to complete the work Jules has failed to do In that event Huntley is to take Hilda to Montreal. Jules has made a rude draft of a will. Huntley is to arrange that Hilda shall possess the modest fortune Jules leaves for her in Montreal

"Nice, cheerful little document to hand a fellow," mutters Huntley

The sun has quite disappeared. The only light comes from the fire Jules has kindled for Hilda. The gloomy blackness of night, fast limiting their vision, urges them forward.

The time has come for Jules to bid farewell to Hilda. Her emotions are no longer pale and childish. The revelations of the afternoon, the active resistance to her father, the direct expression of deep feelings, have changed the passivity of a child. She *knows now*. Her "desire" is no longer vague. She loves Jules.

Gently, his arms around her shoulders, Jules tells her that he must wait for the man who follows them.

"Do not be afraid of McDonald To-morrow at noon, Hilda ma chere, I will meet you at the fork of the Little Bear River, with M'sieu Huntley, and there will be a priest there, and there you will be my wife. Wait until to-morrow, and if, to morrow at noon at the fork of the Little Bear River, I, Jules Beaubien, do not meet you, remember that I am waiting for you on another river that has no ending, where there is but one father who is a kind father, and where there are no hardships or complaints, and where there are thousands and thousands of canoes and all of them filled with angels and floating in the sunshine for ever on its peaceful waters. Always will I wait there and whenever you come I will be there, to take you in my arms. Hilda, I love you, I love . . .

* * * *

As the soft paddle strokes fade into the night, Jules makes sure that his knife slips readily from his belt and that his revolver is filled with cartridges Then he waits.

The night is a black wall hiding all but the upward-flickering ribbons of the fire-flame. Jules is a shadow, perceptible only when he moves. In the distance, wolves begin to bark—snarling crescendos of shrill menace. It is the pack that Hilda has heard the night before

Suddenly, there is a crashing descent on the rocky path. A revolver shot. Quickly, Jules thinks of the fire and hurls himself headlong across the open space to the fire, smothering it by his fall

A silence

Then some one stirs—creeping stealthily, warily down the path. Cautiously he approaches the long

shadows where, near the log, the fire had burned. He stirs the huddled mass on the ground with his foot. No response.

Suddenly there is a quick uprising. The two men grapple. Back and forth they force one another. In the heavy gloom their faces and forms are indistinguishable. Neither makes a sound, the struggle is intense. Hardened by years of exposure and combating against nature, the men are pitted equally.

Then there is a choking cry. One of the men has the other by the throat. He forces him to his knees, then back until his breast is clear. There is a swift flash of a knife. Another choking gurgle. Then quiet.

The man holding the knife straightens himself with a contented, cheerful grunt. He strikes a match to satisfy completely any doubt of the other's death.

The momentary flame flickers over McDonald's lifeless face.

Jules lifts his voice in a long, resonant, "H-a-l-l-o, B' a-p-t i-s-t-e!"

Back over the water echoes a distant, glad, "H-a-l-l-o, J-u-l-e-s!"

SECRETS

BY AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES

IN A meadow sweet, the clovers knelt,
Beside some poppies, red;
And the waving corn her tassels shook—
O'er the meek-eyed daisy head.

The buttercup spilled all her wealth
Of shimmering golden light,
On the little grasses at her feet,
Trembling with glad delight.

And one walked through the meadow sweet—
Bending her fair head over,
Searching the scented emerald turf—
For the hiding four-leafed clover.

And here, amidst the fragrant blooms,
Luck's emblem sweet she found—
A very queen of clover leaves -
With sparkling dewdrops crowned.

Then love came to the dainty maid -
And whispered in her ear,
But what he said was not for me,
Nor you dear flowers—to hear.

Adown the meadow lane they went—
The maiden and her lover -
While kneeling clovers kissed her feet—
And poppies kissed the clover.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

THE UNREAL CANADA OF FICTION

IT IS hard to kill the effect of a romance, or of a spirit of romance that has once diffused itself over a place or a country. Canada was for almost three hundred years a land of mystery, a wild, peopled with wild things visited only now and then by men who had known the touch of civilized life.

Up to the last half of the nineteenth century all west of Ontario was practically as it had been when the French explorers found it. Only the advance of the wheat-field brought the first real change, but that advance was swift. It transformed the wilderness from a home of fancy to a home of men. It was effected within the activity of literary men who are still writing, but their writing has not changed.

The unknown Canada they made the scene of what they pleased is still to them the same. The Canada of their imagination, a land of muffling snows and great white silences, and perishing cold, whose people are sullen Indians and crafty half-breeds and dangerous whites qualified only by Scots factors at fur-posts, or sparse and unreal mounted police, or other material of broad drama.

Fiction finds a thousand readers where statistics find one. The Canada of fact thus remains relatively unknown, while the Canada of fiction goes on spreading itself abroad. This is not good for Canada nor for the world that needs Canada; and ought to know what Canada is. The Canadian romance, particularly in the short story form, is excellent work considered as romance merely, but it is not good literature in that it is false to concurrent fact, and dangerous in that it works a very real harm to the interests of this young and lusty country.

Our railways have conquered the prairies. Organized governments, thriving cities, opulent farms and rising industries, are forming here the bases of a new empire already potent in the affairs of a whole continent, and of assured power in the future of mankind. The Canada of snow and song has had its day, yet the same old singers are still singing the same old song of the same old snows that never were.

That is one reason why CANADA WEST has the very highest pleasure in presenting Arthur Stringer's arraignment of the Canadian Romancers, which is a feature of this number. Mr. Stringer is a Canadian. His work is familiar to the people of all English-speaking countries. His place among fiction-writers, especially in the short story class, is as high as any, under Kipling. But when he writes about

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

Mr. Campbell, the well-known artist, will tell CANADA-WEST readers each month the story of an important play, and sketch from life the leading actor or actress.

Canada, he differs in one first essential from all or any of the others: he knows his subject. He is perfectly familiar with the places and the people and the things he writes about, and he writes of them as they are.

Nobody is any better qualified to protest with point and instance as well as with argument, against the "popular" Canadian story, and we wish there were more of his kind.

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

HUGH STUART CAMPBELL, the artist, who will tell us the "Story of the Play" each month, and sketch from life the leading actor or actress, has created a new portrait idea. In these times of originality it is no longer necessary to be content with the photograph which, with all its charm of light and shading, is still a product of a machine. In a very short time—two hours at most—Mr. Campbell sketches a portrait in black and white and color, and reproduces this with a new process-etching, which can scarcely be distinguished from a copper-plate etching. This etching, the size of a photograph and the exact duplicate in miniature of the original, may be given to admiring friends and the original retained, thus serving a double purpose.

Mr. Campbell realizes the personality of the sitter intimately while he works, and catching an expression here and there, fuses them; a method vital to the correct portrayal of the sitter's character. The resulting portrait sketch reveals the individual.

"To the painter with the soul of a poet, beauty is always apparent," says Mr. Campbell, in the manner of a man who has a fresh and vital interest in his work. "If the artist be sincere, his picture is not a head or a figure; rather it is mind as expressed by an impression of love, faith, passion or pain.

"A portrait is successful only when the painter gives to it the realism of personality. Sometimes more depth of character may be observed in a portrait than in the living model, whose fleeting and ever-changing expressions temporarily deceive the beholder. 'Truth will out' certainly holds good in a clever portrait. That must be the mental telepathy of painting.

"Mere prettiness in the sitter is not always interesting—a doll may possess a wild-rose complexion and heavy hair. There must be character. There must be something underneath to discern and interpret, something more than mere line and color. I search for the record of some deeply-felt human emotion or the promise of a yet unfolded power. The artist must show the force, the latent energy and spirit stirrings within, to make pictures that live."

Because of Mr. Campbell's ability to chrystalize in a few suggestive lines the personality of the sitter, he has been widely successful in the States. He has now practically given up the illustrating which first brought him into prominence and is devoting his entire time to portrait sketches of men and women well known in society and on the stage.

CANADA'S CENTURY

THE *New York Sun*, careful guardian of New York's financial interests, acknowledges Canada's effective competition in the world's markets:

"That the nineteenth century belonged to the United States and that the twentieth would be Canada's, has been the jubilant attitude of the Canadians for ten years and more. Now the grain carrying trade of New York is suffering from the competition of Montreal, with the result that the White Star Line has withdrawn five of its freighters from the service at this port. Other lines have taken similar action. Two and one-half cents can be saved on each bushel by shipping by way of Montreal, and the grain trade will follow the line of least resistance.

"It remains to be seen what action can be taken to bring this trade back to the United States. The steamship officials want reductions in railway charges to overcome the present advantages of Montreal. This presupposes the willingness of the shipping men to do their share. Yet, if the natural advantages are with the Canadian port, the effort to compete with it by means of artificial stimulation is not likely to be successful in the long run.

"Has Canada's century begun?"

This quotation from a recent issue of the *Sun* practically admits that the wheat trade is lost to New York. It has found, as all trade is bound to do sooner or later, the line of least resistance, which in this case is a route seven

hundred miles shorter than the old one. This fact is being given official recognition by the establishment of a line of grain ships by the International Mercantile Marine.

REST, PERTURBED TUDHOPE!

HERE'S a coil, an't please you: Mr. Melville B. Tudhope, of Orillia, writes that as a subscriber to this magazine he would like to ask if we are familiar with Kipling's tales, because in the June issue there was a story by Edwin Balmer called The Man Who Would Be Prophet, concerning which he says that if Kipling's story of The Man Who Would Be King had been given pure and unadulterated, our subscribers would have enjoyed it. Mr. Tudhope adds that to imitate a work of art is unpardonable, and that he would like us to compare Mr. Balmer's work with Mr. Kipling's, and then tell Mr. Balmer what we think of him. Concerning which, it may be remarked that there is a difference between a parody and a plagiarism, and that to label a parody of a very familiar thing is to import that the reader is unacquainted with the best in English literature, which might with justice in most cases be resented. It would be worse than pedantic to refer to Hamlet in a parody of the soliloquy, or to hint an ignorance of Saint Paul by putting quotation marks around anything about speaking with the tongues of men and of angels. To ask calm consideration of a criticism like Mr. Tudhope's is like bidding one hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus. Shall all the people be supposed so unfamiliar with Kipling, and particularly with that one thing of his which stands forth to the world as the bright particular star of short stories, that a parody of it—with a point—must be headed as such? Surely there be many, with or without a wooden leg, to which all print is open, and who can distinguish a hawk from a hernshaw in any wind. And surely, to one of Mr. Tudhope's receiving, enough is shown, without running quote-marks and credits all over the

EDWIN BALMER
Whose story drew the fire of Mr. Tudhope's ire

shop. As to Mr. Balmer, the foremost periodicals in this language think so well of him that they are glad to take his copy. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's*, and others in the forefront of the profession, think well enough of him to feature his stories from month to month. If he describes a horse, the editor does not lead his subscribers up to it and show a sign saying, this is a horse. If he were to do that, the horse would be on him, not on Mr. Balmer. Which remark Mr. Tudhope can take to breakfast, with what appetite he may. And why didn't Mr. Tudhope put quotation marks on the phrase pure and unadulterated, which he wrote as we have quoted it above? Does his omission of quotation marks imply a claim to authorship? In view of his attitude toward Mr. Balmer's story, would it be to consider too curiously to consider so? Possibly, for there are marks and marks, you know, as for instance in the famous picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, where Daniel could be heasily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton embreller vich 'e carried hunder 'is arm.

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

SAD TALE OF A MOTORIST

THERE was a man of modest means,
But inclinations gay,
Who sold a corner lot and bought
A motor car one day.
He closed his business up to ride
Within the big machine,
And parted with his diamond ring
To buy the gasoline.

Before, along the country roads,
The sumac lit its fires,
He put a mortgage on his house
To purchase rubber tires;
And next he auctioned off his beds,
His tables and his chairs
To give the car a coat of paint
And make some slight repairs.

But speeding in the early dusk,
Without his lamps alight,
A man in blue and brass appeared
And stopped his dizzy flight.
He didn't have a single cent
To pay the fine imposed;
They took the auto for the debt,
And so the tale was closed.

ITS ACTIVE PRINCIPLE

"SMOKING may not hurt some people," said Mrs. Lapsling; "but it isn't good for a nervous man like my husband. You know it's the Nicodemus in tobacco that makes it so injurious."

A SPECIOUS EXCUSE

BISHOP PADDOCK, of Eastern Oregon, declared recently that wealth was God-given, that some men were "called" to make money.

"Bishop Paddock," said a Vancouver clergyman the other day, "is always saying wise, true, memorable things. There is no living speaker who is more interesting and more instructive.

"I remember one of his attacks on a wrong that had been speciously defended. He said no amount of talking could make a wrong a right, and he compared the culprits to a boy he knew.

"He said this boy's mother found him playing one Sunday morning in the nursery.

"'Oh, Johnny,' she said, 'I told you not to play with your tin soldiers on Sunday.'

"The boy looked up, surprised and aggrieved.

"'But on Sunday,' he said, 'I call 'em the Salvation Army.'"

TRULY MOURNED

STOREKEEPER—"What is the matter, Kastenheimer?"

Kastenheimer (shaking his crepe-wreathed hat sadly)—"Yes, my wife she died. She vas a goot vife, so goot I would rather haf had my best cow die."